

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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A MOTHER'S WAY OVER THE ALPS

SUN REVEALS A SECRET IN THE ICE

33-YEAR MYSTERY

Seeking the Pole by Air Before
the Flying Age

THREE HEROES OF THE LAST GENERATION

One of the last of the Arctic mysteries is solved. The Sun, raising the curtain of ice in the Arctic, has brought to sight a pathetic scene. Three heroes hid in the grip of ice have been brought back to human knowledge by the warmth of the summer Sun.

The world has waited 33 years for tidings of these three men, who then left Spitsbergen in a balloon in July, 1897, and, except for a message despatched by a pigeon from the balloon, were heard of no more. The sad sequel has now at last been revealed.

The Shroud of Ice

The bodies of Dr Salomon August Andrée and the two men who accompanied him have been found on the mountain-guarded coast of a little island which forms part of Franz Josef Land, barren Arctic territory off the northern coast of Russia.

The discovery was made by chance by a Norwegian exploring party, who came upon the spot after a fortnight of sunshine and warm rains, which had had the effect of thawing the thick sheet of ice in which the remains had been enveloped. It was the ice which had hidden them from a previous expedition which had actually crossed the same spot less than a month earlier.

Andrée's remains, clad in Arctic dress, were well preserved. The body of one of his comrades was found partly buried amid stones in a rocky defile; the third body could not be identified. Near at hand was the skeleton of a bear which the men had killed and eaten.

The Diary Found

There was no trace of the balloon, but part of a boat has been uncovered. From the worn condition of their shoes it seems certain that the brave adventurers must have been forced to make a long journey over rough ground and ice after abandoning the balloon.

Andrée's diary is preserved, and a first examination of its contents shows that, as in the case of Captain Scott, the leader outlived his comrades. The diary shows that the balloonists reached latitude 83 degrees. They must have descended in safety from their balloon, for they took out of it a collapsible boat and a sledge, these being found with the bodies still intact, although it was also covered with ice.

There was no tent, nothing to shelter the stranded voyagers, who must have perished from cold and exposure during the year in which they set out to sail the

The Mountain Pony



This is not a trained circus horse but a pony from the Welsh mountains showing disapproval of being exhibited to possible buyers. Scenes like this are common at the ancient Horse Fair now taking place at Barnet.

uncharted airway, ignorant of its conditions, but fired with that exalted daring which for 400 years has urged brave souls to attack the frozen portals of the Pole.

A monument has been erected and an account of the discovery deposited at the spot where they were found.

The North Pole has been reached on foot and by air while Andrée and his comrades have lain sleeping in their winding sheet of ice. Their fate has been to this generation as great a mystery as was the loss of Sir John Franklin and his two ships and crews to the generation of our fathers and grandfathers.

Perhaps the oddest feature of this news is that it comes to us in the midst of the great Flying Age, bringing us news of the man who dared to seek the Pole by air long before the Flying Age had dawned. Andrée was a pioneer, a brave man who little dreamed of the way the Pole would be seen from the air when he himself lay cold in the grip of Arctic ice. He will be always remembered in the dramatic history of Discovery, and in the story of heroic men.

A TENNIS FEAT Miss Nuthall in America

Our young English tennis player, Miss Betty Nuthall, has won a great victory in California, where she has won the title of Woman Singles Champion of the United States. Miss Nuthall beat Mrs Harper 6-1, 6-4.

We have thus the odd situation in the tennis world of an American world champion and an English champion of America. It is the first time in 43 years that the United States has lost this distinction.

BUY PLUMS

The official advice to us all is to Buy Plums. Why?

For this reason—that there is a splendid crop, and everybody will do themselves and the fruit farms a good turn by buying plums, eating them, bottling them, or making jam of them, to relieve the market and prevent waste.

It would be a thousand pities if a part of a good harvest had to be thrown away because it could not be sold.

LOVE WILL FIND A WAY

MOTHER AND CHILD IN THE ALPS

A Thrilling Chapter in the
History of Passports

SURPRISE FOR FOUR CLIMBERS

Love will find out the way. This is the tale of an Italian mother and her baby who braved the perils of the Zwillings Pass Glacier in order to reach her husband in France.

Four climbers from Zermatt first saw her. She had found a guide and porter to show her the way by this dangerous pass which runs at a height of 12,500 feet between the Castor and Pollux peaks of the Italian frontier. The climbers could hardly believe their eyes when they saw the three people struggling with the icy footholds of the glacier.

They thought the third of them, who was in a long black robe, must be a priest, and marvelled that he should be making the attempt. Judge of their astonishment when, coming nearer, they found that this figure was that of a woman, tightly hugging a baby!

Steps in the Ice

Why had she come, and why had she chosen this way? A worse way could hardly be imagined, for the passage was so difficult that the guide had been compelled to hack footholds in the ice, in which she placed her feet, clad in the thinnest walking shoes.

The answer to these questions was to be found in the restrictions placed on the emigration of Italian subjects. They cannot leave without passports, and the way through the Theodule Pass to Switzerland is closely guarded. So, not to be beaten, the young mother with her baby struggled through the Pass which none would have thought of barring. It is one more example of the idiotic restrictions on getting about in this world.

Safe At Last

It might have proved the undoing of this brave mother through cold and fatigue and exposure but for the happy accident of the arrival of the climbers. They quickly perceived that the path she had been compelled to follow was too difficult for a woman of her physique. So the climbers knotted their ropes together, and lowered her and her guides 200 feet down the side of the precipice by the glacier to an easier track below.

The way was still long and the heights were cold, but Zermatt was safely reached at last. When she got there the Italian mother told why she had braved the heights. She added, with a smile, that she had guarded her baby from being frozen by hugging it close to her heart. She did not say what a wonderful mother she is, but the C.N. will add it for her, on behalf of all who read this story.

WHAT THE CHURCH IS THINKING

THE 75 RESOLUTIONS

An Impressive Survey of Opinion by the Bishops

IDEAS ON MANY THINGS

All over the country men and women are discussing the great Report which, after five weeks of diligent discussion, the archbishops and bishops of the Anglican Church have given to the world as the result of their labours.

The 75 Resolutions and the series of Reports on various religious questions, the whole of which may be bought for half a crown, make up a very impressive survey of the most important subject that can occupy the minds of any of us. For though this Report is, of course, concerned specially with the aims of the Anglican Church, it appeals almost equally to all forms of Christian worship everywhere. Its spirit is devout, tolerant, and entirely friendly. It recognises the fellowship of all the Churches which exist to spread the faith in God which was revealed to mankind by Jesus Christ.

The One Loyalty

Its aim is to bring into one great unity, eventually, all who believe that the secret of right and noble living is disclosed in the gospel of Jesus—a gospel which, if universally accepted, would right all wrongs and harmonise all human discords. Compared with this thrilling consummation all other aims are trivial.

This Anglican appeal is not designed to weld all Churches into one organisation. Its key word is Communion. It recognises that there are many Christian Churches, springing from many traditions, in many lands, adopting many methods, but all centring on one Lord and His revelation of the Divine Creator and Father; and through that one loyalty all may be in communion with each other. In their heart of hearts all Christian people know that this is true, and they only have to make it true in fact to cause the Christian ideal to rule the world.

Unity and Peace

Here are the chief thoughts that run through this fine Anglican Report.

First we must have right thoughts of God. In ignorance men have held wrong thoughts of God. We must go back again to Jesus for right thoughts of the Divine Father, and must banish from our minds all conceptions of God inconsistent with the character of Jesus.

We must realise God afresh as He is revealed through modern knowledge, "a Creator who is not only the cause and ground of the Universe, but always and everywhere active in it," working ever in the hearts of men, the Lord of all good life.

We must preserve the beauty of family life and regard purity as sacred, for fatherhood, and motherhood are His creative activity.

We must regard all men and women as His children, irrespective of colour and race.

We must realise that war as a method of settling disputes is contrary to the teaching and example of Jesus, and must support the League of Nations and the Pact of Peace.

We must bring about unity among all Christians, all the world over.

We must see the need for men and women to devote themselves to leadership in religion, as the loftiest of vocations.

We must realise that Christianity covers all human activities, is broad as life, is life at its highest, and is worthy to engage all the enthusiasms of youth.

The Report is a very cheering sign of progress, showing that the shackles of narrow beliefs and ancient error are being discarded, and that the truth is making the Churches free, and leading toward a new Land of Promise.

LET US GET ON

Norfolk Electrifies Itself

FIVE YEARS IN ADVANCE

Norfolk is to hold itself up as a pattern of what England will be when the grid of electric currents from the Power Stations is spread over it by the pylons and their cables.

Norfolk is not the first of the counties in the electric field, though its pattern area of 100 square miles will be the most complete, and will serve as a sort of demonstration of what can, may, and will be done. Bedfordshire, Lincolnshire, and Cheshire have already their electrified areas.

Cheshire has gone far to reveal what electricity will do for the farmer. Some 200 farms have an electricity supply that they employ for lighting, heating, cooking, and other purposes. Some progressive farmers encourage the poultry by lighting their poultry houses electrically; and one farm makes Cheshire cheeses by electric power.

The First Instalment

Norfolk, with its 100 square miles, extending from Aylsham to East Dereham, and including the market town of Reepham, is to be supplied from the great Thorpe Power Station of Norwich, one of the two centres from which electricity is to be generated eventually for all East Anglia.

This great experimental area—as it is to be considered—will show what England will be like when every village, every farm, and at last every cottage will be able to turn on the switch and obtain cheap electricity. But the first idea of the Central Electricity Board, which is setting up the scheme, five years before the whole of England can be similarly supplied and equipped, is to show the many ways in which electricity can be used to save labour and expense.

Over the cables the current will go at tremendous voltages, but the scheme aims at showing how the current can be watered down to turn the lathe of the village carpenter, and the churn of the farmer, as well as to give them both heat and light.

It is the first instalment of a distribution of electricity which should some day be so cheap that the farmer will be able to use it to plough the fields, thrash his wheat, and even to raise his crops.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGES

Czecho-Slovakia and the Land It Lives On

English landowners who view the dwindling of their estates with melancholy eyes will cast a sympathetic eye toward Prince Francis of Liechtenstein and others who have had to sell 210 square miles to the Czecho-Slovak State.

It is the largest deal in land ever known in Europe. Its size can be gauged by comparing it with the police area of Greater London, which, extending over a radius of 15 miles from Charing Cross, covers 699 square miles. The land surrendered to the Czecho-Slovak State is nearly a third as large.

Its value is estimated at nine millions, which, needless to say, is a trifle by the side of what London would bring. But the land surrendered by the Prince of Liechtenstein and others is chiefly arable or forest.

The prince sells 100,000 acres, in addition to the 175,000 acres he had to part with four years ago, and he still keeps 125,000 acres. The Order of the Teutonic Knights gives up half of its 50,000 acres, and others lose, with partial compensation, parcels of 10,000 and 2000 acres.

The State calls the proceeding the re-distribution of the land. The Junkers who own it describe the transfer by other names—but the day of the Junkers is passing in Czecho-Slovakia.

MUSIC OR SMOKE?

A PROBLEM OF THE PROMS

Those Who Forget Their Manners

FLOOR AND GRAND CIRCLE

One of the sights of London is the crowd that stands to listen to the Promenade Concerts. For eight weeks the people in the Grand Circle look down on the great crowd below, filling the floor of the Queen's Hall, silent and motionless.

While the music is being performed they are so still that it is hard to believe they are not sitting in comfortable stalls. Nobody fidgets during the longest work. Sometimes a girl goes out between the items, but while under the spell of the music they do not know they are tired.

They forget their bodies.

Four Cigars

Not so the Grand Circle. When the Country Girl went to a Wagner night a woman near her grew paler and paler, flapped her programme for a while, and then rushed out, followed by an anxious husband. There were four cigars between the twelve people sitting immediately in front of her. Those smokers evidently loved smoke more than music. Like badly-brought-up babies they could not be quiet without something to suck at. They could not forget their bodies even in the Siegfried idyll.

A block of seats is kept for non-smokers, but all were taken; and perhaps it would be better if the B.B.C. and the managers of these delightful concerts kept that small block for the those who love tobacco, leaving the rest of the hall for those who love music.

It is for those people that Sir Henry Wood and his orchestra work so hard to turn Earth into Heaven for a couple of hours a night.

GIANTS MEET IN MID-AIR

The Great Steel Way Across Sydney Harbour

When the engineers began on opposite sides of Sydney Harbour to build the great arch of the new bridge they knew that if the plans were followed carefully the two halves would meet midway.

Their confidence in the accuracy of their work was fully justified when the tension was taken off the cables supporting the completed halves, for then the two halves, each weighing 14,000 tons, exactly met. It was a triumph of design and execution.

Although the arch is finished it will be well into next year before the bridge will be ready. This bridge is to be 170 feet above high water, giving ample room for big liners to pass beneath. It will be 135 feet wide, and in addition to having four electric railway tracks it is to have a roadway 56 feet wide and two footways each 10 feet wide. These tracks will be capable of allowing the passage of 168 trains, 6000 road vehicles, and 40,000 people an hour. The main span beneath the arch is 1650 feet long, but with the approaches on either side of the harbour the total length of the bridge is to be 3770 feet.

The price for which the British firm of Dorman Long agreed to undertake the work was £4,217,721, and the State agreed to pay any increase in labour costs. In six years this has added £300,000 to the bill, and the State Government has also spent £2,200,000 on preparing new roads and on other necessary works. So by the time the bridge is ready for traffic it will have cost something approaching seven million pounds.

GOODBYE TO THE ASHES

Australia Takes Them Home

BUT ENGLAND KEEPS THE LITTER

After the first and last days of the last Test Match the turf of Kennington Oval was thickly strewn with newspapers, paper bags, greasy wrappers, and discarded cartons.

The Ashes had gone, the Litter was left behind. We show a picture of the Litter on another page.

Both the Ashes and the Litter can be spared. The last Test Match, without limit of time, may be the last of its kind ever played in England, but none can grudge the Australians the victory in the rubber which they won by it. They batted better than the English side, bowled more effectively, and missed fewer of the chances that mattered on the field.

In the series of five Test Matches the luck did not favour them. They lost the first at Nottingham but had to bat on a doubtful wicket in the last innings. They won the second at Lord's on their merits, and their captain, Woodfull, realised earlier than ours the possibilities of playing the game according to the new plan of patient Test Match cricket.

Ruined by Rain

The third and fourth matches at Leeds and Manchester were ruined by rain. It cannot be said that the Australians had the worst of either of them. It was rather the other way round.

The concluding Test Match they won on their merits, and Australia is to be congratulated not only on finding a great batsman in Bradman, but in sending out a team of young men to try their fortunes against the veterans. The Australian Selection Committee learned the lesson of the series of Test Matches which they lost in Australia when Mr Chapman led our team to victory in four matches out of five against Australian veterans.

It is now time for us to take the same lesson from Young Australia.

Perhaps the last Test Match will be remembered longest because in it we lost to Test Match cricket our famous Jack Hobbs, whose farewell this was to the Tests. See page 3

THE BEAUTIFUL POSTERS

How the posters improve! Go down to the Underground, and see for yourself.

We are inclined to think that Smith and Jones, who are making a collection of these lovely and artistic pictures and are papering their cottage walls with them, are doing a sensible thing.

But it is strange to hear that it is difficult to get reliable men for the poster printing trade. They earn a good sum in little time. Trade is bad, generally, but we know of one poster firm that could largely increase its output if it could only find sound workpeople.

Alas, these doleful days!

THINGS SAID

It is a work of art to sell a woman a dress. Mr Percy A. Best

I think Jack Hobbs is the master cricketer of all time. Don Bradman

Don't shoot the musician; he is doing his best. A Scout poster

The average taxi in Rome hoots 63 times in about half a mile.

A Rome correspondent

Whatever else we are, we are guardians of the beauty of Gloucestershire, and mean to continue so.

Gloucestershire County Surveyor

In a war today the air would be a continuous battlefield and all England a cemetery. Manchester Guardian

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The Children's Newspaper

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THE LITTER LOOT AGAIN · SUN BATHS FOR CHILDREN · PUNCH AND JUDY



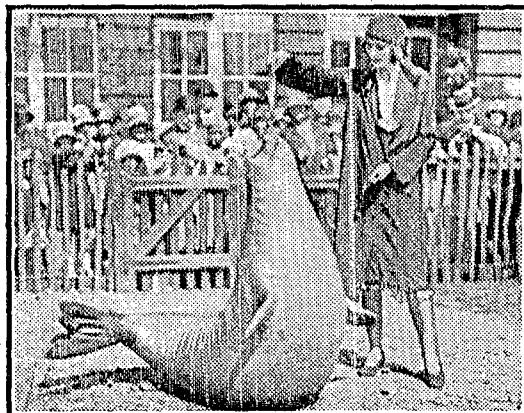
The Litter Loot at the Oval—All is not cricket at the Test Match. There are those who do not play the game at this famous ground. This is what the Oval looked like after a day's play, to the shame of every lout who left his litter behind him.



On Life's Pathway—On the main road between Hereford and Monmouth is a beautiful hedge of daisies, 300 yards long. In front of it is this appeal to the public to protect the flowers, which were "planted to beautify life's pathway."



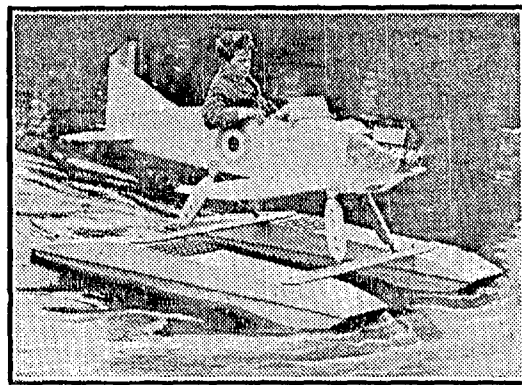
Two Big Cats—Although these young jaguars at the London Zoo appear to be angry they are merely having a little friendly play, just as kittens romp together by the fireside on a winter's evening.



A Welcome Visitor—Stanley, the elephant seal at the London Zoo, left his pond hurriedly when he saw the tasty fish which this lady visitor had brought for him. She is making him beg for it.



Sun Baths for Children—A centre where children can enjoy the benefits of sun-bathing in the open has been established in Regent's Park by the St Pancras Borough Council and the Sunlight League. In this picture we see some of the little sun-bathers at play.



Toy Seaplane—Eight-year-old Tony Porter is here seen gliding along Virginia Water, Surrey, in his model seaplane. The machine, which of course does not fly, has a tiny four-cylinder engine.



On the Leash—At the moment this picture was taken the Alsatian puppies were so interested in something that they kept quite still, but when they decide to run their young master will have difficulty in holding them.



On the Sands—There is, perhaps, no need to say that these eagerly attentive children are watching a Punch and Judy show. The quaint puppets are as popular as ever they were.



All Hands to the Harvest—Harvest-time means long days of work on the farms, but, as this picture from Essex suggests, it is work that children find a pleasure.

BIGGER EGYPT MORE LAND TO BE RECLAIMED

British Blessings Conferred on
the Land of the Nile

WHAT JOSEPH COULD NOT DO

Egypt is extending itself without enlarging its boundaries.

Tenders have been placed for reclaiming another great area of land from the northern part of the Nile delta, and British industry and talent are to be turned to account in bestowing fresh benefits upon the realm of the Pharaohs.

Great pumping stations will be installed to drain away encroaching water, and dams will be constructed so that where the river has run for thousands of years a great area of rich soil will be exposed for cultivation. When water is needed it will be admitted by irrigation canals, and the Egyptians in the new area will to this extent be masters of the Nile instead of its slaves or its victims.

Link Between East and West

Some of the greatest feats of modern engineering have gone to the building up of modern Egypt. The Suez Canal, which makes Egypt a vital link between the East and the West, was French in conception and in execution, but the immense schemes for the control of the Nile, which have conferred on Egypt the promise of wealth beyond her wildest dreams, have all been British. The success of these schemes and the transformation they have effected in Egyptian agriculture mark the difference between the methods of the Pharaohs and those of a modern scientific people.

Egypt was splendidly governed in many respects when Joseph was the chief man of the land. He secured for her harvests which enabled her to withstand seven years of famine, but he could not control the Nile. Had he been able to do so that famine would not have occurred. The Nile was to the Egyptians a gift of the gods they worshipped, not to be directed or governed, but to be treated with grateful submission and reverent worship.

Origin of Geometry

When the snows melted on far-away unknown mountains, and the waters came rushing down in tumultuous volume, the river swelled beyond its banks and flooded all the adjoining country. So complete were these annual floods that all landmarks were blotted out. Herodotus tells us that geometry originated in these Nile inundations, the science being called into being by the necessities of a situation in which the land had to be re-surveyed and boundaries established each time the river returned to its bed.

The new and scientific method was the creation of that Greek wonder man Hero of Alexandria, one of the many men of genius bequeathed to Egypt during the generations which followed the conquest of the country by Alexander.

That was a giving back of old landmarks. Our system maintains the old landmarks and gives new fields for ancient marshes to a people who in many cases follow the same callings and practices by the riverside as their ancestors did 5000 years ago.

See World Map

From St Kilda to Mull

The people of St Kilda, who are abandoning their island, are now being taken off—not to Hull, as we stated the other day, but to Mull.

All to His Country

I give and bequeath all my estate and effects whatsoever and wheresoever unto my country, England.

Will of Mr Theodore Wynford Smith, of Newton Abbot, leaving £5851.

VENUS DOES IT AGAIN Rising From the Sea at Rhodes

Everyone who went to the Italian Exhibition and saw Botticelli's lovely picture knows the ancient legend that Venus rose from the sea.

If they were likely to forget it, they are reminded by the reproduction in My Magazine of that exquisite fragment of ancient sculpture, which shows two maidens lifting her from the waves as they put a cloak about her.

So nobody should be surprised at the news from Rhodes. Venus has risen from the sea again. It is a habit of hers.

Divers were exploring the old harbour when they discovered a statue lying on the bottom, and when raised Professor Jacopi declared it to be the work of some great craftsman who lived in the fourth century B.C.

The Venus of Rhodes is six feet high, and she has lost her arms, but it is clear that they held her draperies in a graceful gesture. She was a lovely goddess, and once she smiled down on worshippers who believed she was as powerful as she was lovely, and could answer their prayers.

The Barbarians

But their beliefs were shattered. Barbarian armies descended upon them, the temple was invaded and the goddess, hurled into the sea.

They hated her, those fierce barbarians, because they admired only courage and adventure. To those warriors the worship of beauty seemed a contemptible thing, and we can almost hear how they flung her into the sea with a shout of triumph.

Today we admire bravery as much as ever they did, but we think life would not be worth living without beauty. We cheer the pioneering heroes and heroines of the air, but we want poetry on our shelves and pictures on our walls. So we fish Venus up from the sea and set her up on a pedestal again.

She, poor lady, must think that Earth is not what it was. Instead of a temple they have set her in Rhodes Museum, and instead of roses they have put a label at her feet.

THE THREE RAINBOWS OF AMERSHAM

As a set-off to the frequent showers of an unsettled August in England the bright intervals painted the sky with many a rainbow.

At Amersham in Bucks there was one evening a triple rainbow, which is a spectacle so rare in England that many years ago, when Professor Tyndall saw one from his house at Hindhead he thought the unusual sight important and interesting enough to write about to the papers.

As all of us know, the rainbow is formed by the refraction of the Sun's rays through fine droplets of rain which split up the white light into colours; red on the outer edge, through orange, yellow, green, blue, and indigo, to violet.

In the secondary rainbow the light rays, again passing on, reverse this order, so that violet forms the outer edge and red the inner.

The space between these two bows gets no reflected light, but inside the principal bow and the secondary bow there is a faint illumination by rays from both of them.

These rays sometimes, when the sunlight is strong and the rain droplets are small, interfere with one another and cause alterations of colour which appear as a spurious rainbow inside the primary or outside the secondary

BABY BOSTON TO MOTHER BOSTON A Little Present of Ten Thousand Pounds

The C.N. idea of giving away your own birthday has been adopted by Boston in Massachusetts.

It will be 300 on September 17, 1930, and, as we mentioned the other day, it is sending £10,000 to Boston in Lincolnshire as a birthday present.

Massachusetts Bay was visited in 1614, but it was in 1630 that a party of Englishmen under John Winthrop decided to settle at the place other explorers had called Trimountaine, because of its three hills. Because many of the settlers came from Boston in Lincolnshire they vowed on that September day henceforward to call Trimountaine Boston.

In time the Puritans made the new Boston into a great city which is the capital of Massachusetts, rivalling New York as a centre of music and literature.

As for old Boston its history is not nearly so clear. We know that it means Saint Botolph's town and is called that because Botolph built a monastery there in 654, which the Danes burned in 870, but we know nothing of its tale before the seventh century.

Boston Stump

The £10,000 sent by new Boston is to be spent on the restoration of St Botolph's Church, which is one of the largest and loveliest parish churches in England. The first stone was laid in 1309, when Boston was a great commercial city second only to London, and the merchants meant to have a superb place of worship.

The western tower, which somewhat resembles the completed tower of Antwerp Cathedral, is nearly 290 feet high, and a beacon used to be lit on it at night to guide ships in the Wash. Sailors called this landmark Boston Stump, and the nickname has gone round the world.

John Cotton, the famous preacher who went to New England in 1633, had been vicar of St Botolph's, and in 1855 his American descendants subscribed £673 to restore part of the church for love of his memory. Now new Boston has shown again that even after three centuries' blood is thicker than Atlantic water.

TO TURN A BEETLE OUT OF INDIA A Five-Years Work

A new threat to the breakfast table has appeared in the coffee plantations of Mysore, Madras, and Coorg. The borer beetle has arrived.

The borer beetle is a very insignificant-looking pest, less than a tenth of an inch long, but it can ruin a plantation. Its arrival in India is more mischievous than any Bolshevik propaganda.

How it reached India is a mystery. Its arrival is one of the penalties which all countries have to pay for increased ease of communication. All the Indian State Governments are up in arms to resist this unwelcome immigrant alien.

One of the steps taken is to forbid the importation of foreign coffee.

Another is for the Indian Government to take over plantations where the pest has appeared.

But it is the scientific entomologists who must deal with it. They are aware that swallows eat the beetle, and they say also that a tiny fungus and three very small parasites are the beetle's deadly enemies.

One of these parasites is believed to be specially effective. It is being artificially reared, and will be distributed among the plantations where the borer beetle has settled down.

It is expected that at least five years' work will be necessary to turn the borer beetle out.

FLY HE MUST The Way of a Bird in the Air

A CUCKOO'S FIRST FLIGHT

The great flight southward has begun. The birds which came to us in spring are going back, migrating to Africa and other southern latitudes.

Those of the old ones which survive are going; some have with them birds hatched here this year; in many cases the young ones are making the great voyage alone.

The cuckoo may go in July; in August depart he must. Its last note is supposed to be heard in July, so that the closing days of its season here are spent in furtive silence. But there seem exceptions to every rule, and a C.N. reader writes that he believes he heard a cuckoo in Kent on an August morning.

Off to Africa

Talking it over with a friend, a cuckoo story came to mind which certainly bears repeating.

Two brothers discovered a young cuckoo in the nest of a robin. The task of feeding the giant seemed to overtax the energies of its foster parents, so the two lads took a hand. They wired in the nest and, while permitting the robins to enter and leave, kept the baby cuckoo to some extent a prisoner.

They fed it with caterpillars and worms, with bread and tiny pieces of meat. It took everything readily and developed into a splendid bird. One August day, as the lads were tidying up the nest, the cuckoo, now fully grown, slipped out from beneath the wire and flew into a tree.

It rested but a moment, then launched itself into the air and circled round a few times. Then, like a shot, away it went due South, straight for Africa.

That was an impressive experience, to see a nestling begin its tremendous flight a minute or two after finding the use of its wings in freedom.

AH AND EE

Surprises of the Voice Camera

Some cinematograph pictures of the larynx have been taken, which show many new things about the way we speak.

The larynx and vocal chords are illuminated by an electric lamp shining up a quartz tube on to a mirror placed at the back of the throat; the light is reflected by the mirror down the throat. The pictures show the movements of the larynx and vocal chords, and will, it is hoped, be of great service to surgeons and those studying the voice.

Among many surprises revealed by the first pictures taken is the fact that when a doctor asks his patient to say Ah in order to have a good look at his throat, the larynx becomes closed rather than open. It seems that the right thing to say is ee, as in the word peep.

The inventors of the voice camera are now trying to take talking pictures which will show the movements of the throat while repeating the actual sounds it is making.

The Hire System

Two million hire-purchase agreements are signed in this country every year.

Conscience

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has received £2876 from a conscience-stricken income-tax payer.

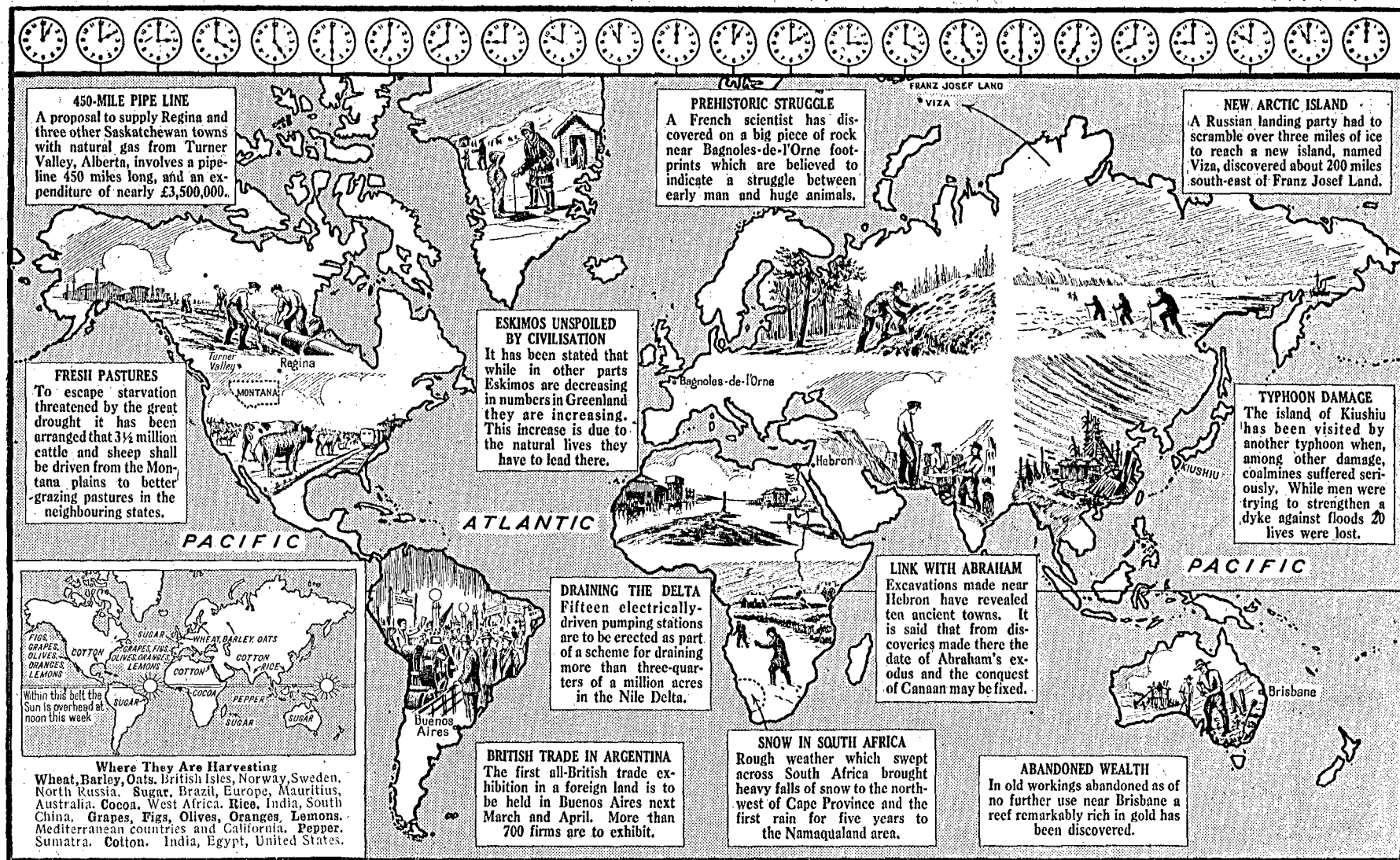
106

Mr Bening Arnold of Bournemouth, who was mentioned in the C.N. not long ago as being 106, has now passed away.

An Ungrateful Dog

A man was rewarded with a bite in the arm after he had saved a dog from drowning at Egham, and it was necessary for him to receive medical attention.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



SANCTUARY

Streets Safe for Little Ones

The Chief Constable of Salford, Major Godfrey, has a great ambition—not only to reduce the number of street accidents, but to make some parts of the city literally safe for children.

He has closed 35 streets in densely-populated areas to all motor-traffic; and, although thousands of children in these streets have played for twelve months, having absolutely no other playground, not one accident has occurred. Many towns are using the idea; and the Pedestrians Association is forming branches interested in the scheme of providing street sanctuaries for children who have no playing fields.

OUR SOLDIERS ABROAD

A very large number of British soldiers are stationed abroad. Britain does not maintain a very big army, the total strength being about 190,000 men. Where are they; what do we do with them? According to the latest return there are 84,000 abroad.

The soldiers overseas are distributed as follow: India 60,000, Egypt 10,000, so that these two places have nearly all of them.

The remaining 14,000 are at Malta 5000, Gibraltar 3000, China 4000, and Malaya 2000.

RATS

It is a pity that any animal should be so dangerous an enemy to mankind that every effort must be made to exterminate it.

Yet rats are such enemies. The damage they do is enormous. Therefore it is good news that a new rat poison has been discovered by the Institute in Paris named after the great Pasteur. It kills the rats quickly and will not hurt human beings, dogs, cats, or poultry.

THE GIRL GUIDES ARE MARCHING

Over 30,000 Canadian girls are now enrolled in Girl Guide and Brownie Packs. The past five months have been a record, growth averaging one new pack a day! There are now 1117 companies, and 330 of them are in Ontario.

The Extension movement, too, is steadily growing. Extensions are companies and packs composed of girls in hospitals for cripples. Six of these are now doing good work. Also three Post Guide Companies have been formed this year, two in British Columbia, for invalids and blind girls, and a third one in Quebec.

A HEROIC SPIRIT

Miss Helen Day is another of those brave unconquerable souls who are of the school of Helen Keller.

Like that great woman, she has been blind and deaf from birth. But it has not kept her from helping herself, and, better than that, helping others. She edits the Searchlight magazine, printed in Braille for blind boys and girls all over the world.

All honour to her, and all good fortune. A little of it has lately come to this young lady, who keeps her own house with very little help, cooking, washing and ironing, making the beds and sweeping the floors, for she has won a prize for the best poem submitted to the American Braille newspaper.

YOUNG AMERICA

The United States Line of passenger steamers has lately installed university orchestras for all summer trips. Up to the present twelve are being so employed in their vacation time; and on the Leviathan an orchestra is composed of students from Harvard.

So enthusiastic Young America pays its way, making music at sea, or hay while the Sun shines, as you will.

AN IDEA NOT COPYRIGHT

The Farmer and His Cherries

A motorist on the Quarante-Sous, near Nantes, was stopped by a French farmer and invited into his orchard, where the trees were laden with cherries.

"I have no labourers," said the farmer, "and my good fruit must not waste. Help yourselves, and give me what payment you please; it will be all profit for me!"

The guests lost no time in obeying; and before they left the orchard was thronged by the occupants of more than a dozen cars—all delighted to get fresh fruit at a reasonable price.

English farmers please copy.

ALCOHOL IS BAD FOR YOU

Lord Brentford has been calling attention to the useful work done in schools by special lectures on temperance.

For many years the Band of Hope Union has arranged for school lectures on the dangers of alcohol, and last year nearly 5000 lectures were given to nearly 400,000 children.

Now the sum of £10,000 is required to carry on this work for another five years, and anyone anxious to help in letting children know early that alcohol is bad for them may send contributions to the Band of Hope Union, at 60, Old Bailey, London, or direct to Sir George Paish, the Treasurer of the Union.

A HELPING HAND FOR JUSTICE

That enlightened Prince Emmanus of Nigeria, who is studying at Berlin University, has been visiting Manchester to establish a Negro Justice Association, so that the Negro may receive instant and necessary help in every kind of difficulty. With the cooperation of the Lord Mayor and the Chief Constable, he has formed a headquarters of the Association in the city, and branches will be started in other towns.

LET US BE SIMPLE

The Names of Flowers

Gardeners conferring together at the International Horticultural Congress have resolved to simplify the names they give to flowers.

In future wherever it is possible a flower will be known to them all over the world by what we may call a Christian name and a surname, or by three names at most.

The gardeners have not yet reached the stage when a rose will be just Mary Rose or a lily merely Tiger Lily. They will still keep the Latin names no doubt for the Speedwell; or the Pimpernel, or Pennyroyal, or Sweet Lavender.

How dear and delightful are some of the names which spring from the cottage garden, and how we wish that they could be adopted without alternative! How much more eloquent is Snapdragon than Antirrhinum.

These extreme simplifications can hardly ever come about, because, though a rose by any name would smell as sweet (if the horticulturists had not bred the scent out of it), the name could not be the same in Bulgaria or Holland as in England.

Consequently the names which the world's horticulturists have substituted in their form of Esperanto must stand; but it is good news that they are to be cut down to two words, or to three.

YOUNG AT 100

The Rev Charles Green of Eastbourne who has recently celebrated his 100th birthday has sent out a letter of thanks to his friends for their congratulations. It is perfectly delightful to read the old man's words.

"I still retain all my old love of books, and am not conscious of the very slightest loss of interest in controversies of the day."

To All Kind Homes

Please ask your Butcher to use the Humane Killer

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 6 1930

The Great Kinema Danger

It is more than time that all who care for the future of this country realised what is happening at the kinema.

It was bad enough when the films were silent save for a musical accompaniment. We had more than enough of stories of crime, of the American underworld, of Chicago and its murderers. These silent films were punctuated with headlines that were couched in that perversion of English called the American language.

Now we have the Squawkies, reproducing for us not only a vision of the scenery and actors but the voices of the players. The American vulgarisms, once confined to the headlines, are now spoken, and so more acutely fixed in the mind.

So it is that American slang of the worst type is rapidly coming into use in England. It passes current in public, on the stage, and in private life. Naturally it suits the criminal, who finds in bad American stories of crime, so often dished up to us at the kinema, a great encouragement and incentive.

The seriousness of the matter goes far beyond a question of taste in speech or even of the importance of preserving the "well of English undefiled." It would be bad enough if these American films did no more than debase our mother tongue. In actual fact the films are breeding criminals among us.

The matter is very forcibly illustrated by the very sad case of a London boy of fifteen who, after living extravagantly, stole a motor-cycle, rode off on it to the seaside, took lodgings there, and continued his career by stealing from his landlady. The story was told in the Children's Court, and a letter was read, addressed by the young criminal to a friend, in which he boasted of his achievements. The letter is couched in the American language, obviously borrowed from the films. For example, he says *I decided to make a getaway*. The word *getaway* is foreign to us in this country; it was introduced from America by the crime films, so that here we have the clearest proof of the effect of American crime translated through American pictures into British crime.

It is a very great shame. The young boy in question is obviously bright and clever. If he becomes a confirmed criminal it will be because he has succumbed to bad American example. We beg our readers to protest in every way possible against the importation of such films and to demand the immediate appointment of a State Censor to inquire into an appalling evil.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



What We Owe to a Tree

It is interesting to note that inquiries are to be made as to whether trees have been wrongly planted on an old Roman road in Gloucestershire.

We love trees wherever they may be, but they should not be planted on a Roman road. Yet we may be grateful to a tree which once was planted on a Roman way. We came upon its work the other day in the lovely park Lord Bathurst has allowed the people of Cirencester to walk through whenever they will.

Protected by a roof in a corner of this park is what is left of a Roman tessellated pavement, and we owe our knowledge of it to a tree, whose roots burst through it and gave to England one more relic of her Roman days.

Ignorance From the Housetops

We may well ask ourselves what is in the minds of some of the people who make our laws.

The excellent Kent County Council has a byelaw forbidding any advertisement that spoils a landscape, but everywhere Kent folk see this law defied. It seems that you may spoil a landscape in any way you like in the interests of your own trade. That is to say, if a public-house paints its roof in big letters with the announcement that *Vinegar is bad for you*, it can be prosecuted for spoiling a landscape, but if it spoils the landscape in the same way by painting on its roof *Beer is bad for you*, nobody can prosecute it.

It is not a question of whether you spoil the landscape, but of how and why you spoil it. *You can spoil it in your own interest as much as you like.*

What could be more ridiculous than the sprawling of the word *Hotel* across a roof in letters six feet high? Yet such an offence has for years spoiled one of the finest views in Kent, and it seems that only a new byelaw can stop this ignorant exhibition of selfishness.

The Growing Beauty of the Night

MONTH by month the light of the night is growing. People are not content to let beautiful buildings be seen only by day. The big shops of London started the idea, and the big shops of the provincial towns and cities are following. When it came to be known how easy it is to flood a huge building with light, so that its beauty may be seen at night, City Councils began to try the effect too.

The stately tower of Bristol University, one of the loveliest structures erected in our time, was flooded with light every night during the recent city celebrations, and was greatly admired. Twenty-seven lamps were used, each of 2000 candle-power.

It is to be hoped that many more of our picturesque buildings will be dealt with permanently in this way.

What Alfred Did

WE raise our hat to the writer of this epitaph below the statue of Alfred in the market-place of Wantage, where he used to run about as a boy.

Alfred found Learning dead and he restored it, Education neglected and he revived it, The Laws powerless and he gave them force, The Church debased and he raised it, The Land ravaged by a powerful enemy from which he delivered it. Alfred's name will live as long as mankind shall respect the Past.

One-O-Double-Six

THERE is one date I shall remember till death, thanks to the telephone boy who, when asked for the date of William the Conqueror, replied: One-O-Double-Six Hastings.

Archbishop Temple

Tip-Cat

HAS thinking anything to do with the brain? somebody asks. Judging by one paper we read, not much.

A boy named Hobbs has been fined for playing cricket. But what should he have been doing?

ALL Poles must now take a bath at least once a month, according to a new law. The North Pole will be getting into hot water next.

WE read that safety razor blades can now be guaranteed to

shave. This will be news indeed for Father, who had often wondered what they were for.

AN expanding shopping bag has been invented. Someone should invent a contracting purse to go with it.

TWINS, says a writer, fall naturally into two categories. Hope they don't hurt themselves.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S Shamrock has met with rough weather. Only a storm in a teacup, we hope.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

READING UNIVERSITY has received £2000 from Miss S. R. Courtauld toward equipping new geological laboratories.

STOKE NEWINGTON has a byelaw against the loud-speaker nuisance.

JUST AN IDEA

Three hundred aeroplanes, wirelessly controlled from Paris, Berlin, or Geneva, can drop 2000 bombs in London in 24 hours.

A Little Big Thing

A LITTLE thing can be also a big thing when it points a moral.

There was published the other day a photograph of Westminster Hall as it appeared on the occasion of a luncheon. It was a great occasion. The Speaker presided, and the Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor, and other political leaders were there. The striking thing about this photograph is the contrast between the glorious proportions of Westminster Hall and the character of the furniture used on a memorable occasion. It is almost incredible, but the delegates are seen sitting on bentwood chairs, no attempt being made to suit the grouping of the seats to the historic building which housed an Imperial feast.

Bamboo Wands

Our minds go back to a somewhat similar occasion when the Colonial Premiers were entertained in this great hall, and when, in addition to bentwood chairs, the managers of the occasion thoughtfully provided those who guided the guests to their seats with bamboo wands of office, looking like cheap curtain poles.

Here we have an example of that neglect of art and aesthetic expression which too often mars our public work. Too many of the goods we sell are tainted with untidiness. Thus it is too often, we fear, in our schools, where often the building itself is poor, and the furniture, maps, books, appliances, and playgrounds are anything but what they should be.

Archbishop Whately's Prayer

God, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night:
May Thine angel-guards defend us;
Slumbers sweet Thy mercy send us;
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And when we die
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie.
When the last dread trump shall wake us,
Do not Thou, O Lord, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

Ideas of Norman Angell

Defying Arithmetic

MEN can defy arithmetic and call it a self-evident truth. A British Cabinet Minister once said:

There is just one way in which you may have peace and be secure, and that is to be so much stronger than your enemy that he won't dare to attack. This, I submit, is a self-evident proposition.

The meeting of hard-headed business men applauded loudly. Let us see what the statement means. Here are two nations likely to quarrel. How shall they keep the peace and be secure? There is just one way, says our Cabinet Minister. *Both will keep the peace and each will be secure when each is stronger than the other.* N. A.

September 6, 1930

The Children's Newspaper

7

THE INTERNATIONAL GIRL

A GREAT CAMP IN HOLLAND

Guiders Come Together From Thirteen Countries

BLAZING THE PEACE TRAIL

By a Guider Who Was There

When you are a keen Guide all sorts of jolly activities are open to you, but perhaps the greatest thrill of all is going abroad to camp with sister Guides of other lands.

By the invitation of the Dutch Guiders Council three of us from England have just been to the first International Camp ever held in Holland. The following 12 countries also sent Guider representatives: United States, Australia, Canada, South Africa, Denmark, Norway, Lithuania, Switzerland, Belgium, Sweden, Hungary, and Java. Including Dutch Guiders, we were sixty.

The Language Problem

The Camp was held at Ommen, where the Dutch Guides have a permanent training and camping centre, as at our Foxlease. The site was excellent: little copses of birches and pines made an attractive background for the tents, and there was a delightful two-storied log cabin for wet weather.

On our way out we pondered much over what languages would be used; how many would speak English, and whether we ought to have known Esperanto. With great skill, however, our hostesses sorted us into two groups: English-speaking and German-speaking, and this suited most. Most of the talks were given in one of these languages, and then translated.

In Ten Days

One of the great difficulties of those who plan the programmes of these camps is to allow time for everybody to get to know each other, to enable the foreigners to go on interesting expeditions. On this occasion our hostesses are to be congratulated on what they sandwiched into ten days. We bathed in the river, visited Scout and Guide camps on borrowed bicycles, went punting, toured the countryside in motor-coaches, inspected model farms, saw famous markets, discussed many aspects of Guiding with each other, and learned several Dutch dances.

And we had glorious camp fires almost every night.

We heard how Hungarian Guides are engaged in training for an elaborate system of social service, about companies of Red Indian Guides in British Columbia, how South Africa goes to camp in winter, about Denmark's special school where Guides take a year's course in domestic science, about the lucky Girl Scouts of America camping for two months at a stretch.

Other People's Guiding

How much there is to admire in other people's Guiding! Norway comes to the camp with blankets, kit, crockery, national dresses, and everything required for ten days in one large ruck-sack, while we English seem to have stacks of unwieldy luggage. The little steel plates on Denmark's belts mean that they have walked over so many kilometres in one day, distances that would take many of us the best part of a week. Dutch Guiders have a marvellous repertoire of songs in four languages; they excel at part singing and put the greatest enthusiasm into it. The Swedish Guides are also very musical, and we find some of their melodies most haunting.

Dame Katharine Furse, Director of the World Bureau of Guides, came over to spend two nights with us in camp.

THE POCKET WIRELESS AGE

If you want to know the news
Ask a policeman. Old Song adapted

OUR British policeman is to become the pioneer of the complete Wireless Age when everyone will be able to hear everyone else with as much ease as he can now tell the time by his watch.

Every member of the Force (at any rate in certain areas) will carry a pocket wireless set.

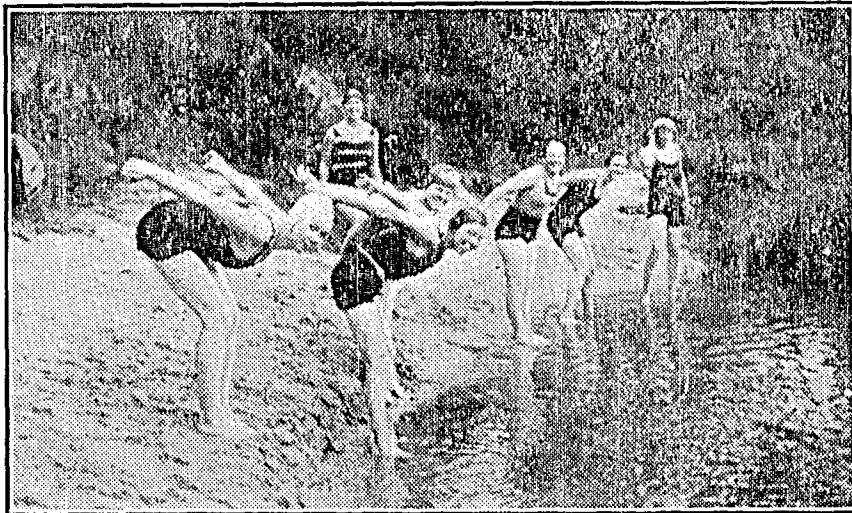
These wireless sets, the first examples of far more sensitive ones in days to come, are to have electric buzzers as an attachment. When the electric buzzer sounds, as a signal to the policeman that the local police station wants him, he will clap a pair of phones to his ears and listen to what is being said to him on his pocket wireless.

The policeman's wireless will be mightier than his truncheon. Headquarters will broadcast to him particulars about people who are wanted. The only blot on the scheme seems to be that the people of the kind who are likely to be wanted may also equip themselves with pocket wireless so as to become unofficial listeners-in.

That is the second step, the one of many to be taken before we all carry breast-pocket wireless sets as we now carry wrist watches, in order to tell, not the time of day, but the myriad whispers of the passing hour.

The time is coming nearer when any two people in the world will be able to make themselves effectively present with one another at any moment.

GIRLS OF THE WORLD CAMP



Guiders of Five Countries Bathing at Ommen



Dutch Guiders Singing at Their Tent

The World Organisation of the Girl Guides, under Dame Katharine Furse, is marching ahead. On this page we give an account of the Camp held in Holland last month, when Guiders of 13 countries made friends with one another and opened out new paths of Peace.

Continued from the previous column

It is wonderful to hear how we are all learning to pull together. We now have our Chief Guide of All the World, our International Flag, and a site is being chosen for our chalet in Switzerland.

The last camp fire, the singing of everybody's National Anthem, the final Good-byes, came all too soon, but they are not the end of the story. We go away with our address books full, and the prospect of correspondence and exchange of snapshots with at least five continents.

For about twenty of us there was also three more days of sight-seeing in store. Shall we ever forget the banquet given to us in the National Headquarters in Amsterdam and the delightful speech of welcome made to us in English, French, and German, so that no one should feel left out?

Throughout our stay the Dutch Guides were always to the fore in looking after us. They met us at the boat, took charge of our luggage, showed us round various towns, waited on us at meals and generally gave us the impression that their standard of training and service is high.

Amsterdam, Marken, Alkmaar, The Hague—we loved them all; we wanted hours more to linger in front of the Vermeers and the Rembrandts; we could hardly tear ourselves away from the Zoo. Perhaps one of the greatest moments was when we were shown those splendid rooms of the Peace Palace, and its beautifully laid-out gardens. Then we felt that we, too, had our part to play in making the dreams of this place come true.

Pictures on this page

ANIMALS ON THE MARCH

NATURE'S PENDULUM

Life Moves Down From the Heights to the Plains

BOARDING AND LODGING SHEEP

At this season of the year begins the swing of the animal pendulum.

In the northern hemisphere all the animals which had wandered north in the spring and early summer now begin to retrace their steps, to wander down from hill and mountain to the warmth and sustenance of the plains and the shelter of wood and forest.

It is interesting to remember that a similar process is in operation in our midst in the heart of civilisation. We, too, have our up-and-down pendulum, our northward advance in spring, our southward trend in autumn.

A Winter Holiday

Very soon now such of our cattle as had gone up into the hills will be brought to lower pastures, and the sheep which have been thriving in the mountains of Scotland and Wales will make a drastic change. Thousands of Scottish sheep will be brought down to spend a winter holiday in England, where food is more plentiful and the climate less rigorous.

The farmers of the north board out their sheep, as in the towns children from the crowded streets are boarded out in our country villages and seaside places. In Switzerland and other mountainous countries the herdsmen drive their flocks up into the mountains for the summer and bring them down in autumn. They may be still above the snow-line, and there the cattle are housed in rooms actually under the houses of their owners, to be fed there throughout the winter as we feed our stabled horses.

Here at home, however, the journey is much more ambitious, involving a trip by train from Scotland to our warmer counties; and the end is more natural, as the sheep are pastured in the open.

The Silo System

It costs the Scottish stockmaster ten shillings a year for each sheep sent south for a winter holiday. Some of them are hoping that by storing heavy fodder by what is known as the silo system they will in future be able to keep their flocks at home and their money in their pockets, to the great advantage of Scottish agriculture.

The compulsory to-and-fro movements of flocks and herds are not confined to the temperate zone. Laplanders in the Arctic must advance and retreat northward and southward in the wake of their feeding reindeer—northward as the ice melts in summer and the moss is exposed, back southward as winter closes in and food must be sought where the ice is not yet too thick. In the desert the tribes are compelled to wander from oasis to oasis with the progress of the seasons.

So men move with the animals, as the animals with the movements of the Sun.

1000 YEARS

In the village of Kardaun near Bozen, which now belongs to Italy but before the war was Austrian territory, there has just died a peasant named Zeiger whose farm had been in the possession of his family for more than a thousand years without a break.

The first documents relating to the family date back to the year 920.

THE LEAGUE LOOKS ROUND THE WORLD

HOW THINGS ARE CHANGING

Is the Trade of Old Europe Catching Up?

A GUIDE TO WHAT IS HAPPENING

By Our League Correspondent

Dry-as-dust statistics in the hands of the League of Nations have a habit of coming alive, and of producing an amazingly varied amount of information.

From pages and pages of figures and calculations the League works out illuminating facts about such things as trade and population which throw new light on our old but rapidly changing world.

South America heads the lists in two important particulars. Its population has in recent years been increasing more quickly than that of any other area of the globe, and also its output of raw materials.

Making the Pace

Who would have guessed that Africa comes second on the list for increase in trade during 1927 and 1928, the most recent years for which statistics can be effectively studied?

The first place on this list of trade increase is taken by the group of countries forming Eastern and Central Europe, so that it looks as if the little old backwater of Europe, as it appears to be in the eyes of our cousins across the Atlantic, is recovering from what was so nearly a death-blow, and is catching up. Actually, the rate of advance in production and trade of North America since 1926 has been slower than that of Europe, though its manufacturing activity continues to increase.

It is the Eastern and Central part of Europe that is making the pace. The figures showing expansion of international trade for this group of countries between 1926 and 1928 were the highest in the world, though those for the whole continent were lower than for Africa and South America.

Europe, as a whole, excluding Russia, increased her production of foodstuffs at a greater rate during this period than any other part of the world. The only area which simply is not interested in increasing its production and trade is Oceania. Perhaps the people there are so content with what they have that they think it silly to toil and moil for more.

The People in the World

Statistics of world population show an average increase of about one per cent a year. Thirty-five million more people lived in 1928 than in 1926, and they made an increase of ten per cent on the numbers for 1913. World production of foods and raw materials increased during that period by 25 per cent.

All this general knowledge can be gathered from a Memorandum on Production and Trade just published by the League (Williams & Norgate, 4s). We find in it many other interesting signs of the times, as, for example, the extent to which the coal-mining industry has been affected by the increased use of petroleum and the progress of electricity. The world output of coal, after remaining stationary for 12 years, rose by nearly four per cent between 1925 and 1928, while that of petroleum increased by 24, and electricity by 40 per cent. Such indications show the way our world is going, and this new volume, coming from the capable hands of the League, is an excellent guide.

USE OF ELECTRICITY

There has been an increase of nearly six per cent in the use of electricity in this country in the first seven months of this year as compared with the first seven months of last year.

A RIVER'S EMPTY CRADLE

LOOKING FOR THE VANISHED THAMES

The Many Streams of Our Father of Waters

AN OLD BED DRY

Having in mind the plan to honour Seven Springs, the spot in the Cotswolds, lying between Cheltenham and Cirencester, which is regarded as the source of the Thames, a party of C.N. readers went the other day to visit the river in what the map suggests is the actual source itself.

This is a spot called Thames Head, some three miles from Cirencester. There the Thames used to issue amid ideal conditions, from under a mass of stones lying amid typical Gloucestershire pasture land. "You can't mistake the place; you will see an ash tree with a notice on it," the visitors were told.

The Ash Tree

The way taken lay through a farmyard, through grass waist-high, along a wild and wooded slope, out to an ash tree which seemed to flank an ancient waterway, and had the two letters T.H. roughly carved on its trunk. "There you are—Thames Head," said a good little fellow triumphantly.

But where was the river? There was no Thames there. The stones under which it used to rise were dry, the old channel was grass-grown.

The boys told the sad story that the Thames rises no more at Thames Head. Last winter, when half the country was flooded, they saw the old meadow submerged by water which bubbled up in all directions from below, but it did not fill the ancient watercourse, nor did it affect the now dry canal into which the river used to run.

Springs Dried Up

The local explanation is that long ago Swindon sank deep works for pumping, and by their pumping drained the springs which for ages had issued at Thames Head and given the place its name. Now the site is a name and memory only.

Water from Thames Head must travel underground to some other place today, but fortunately the river does not depend on one supply. Over twenty rivers and streams bear their waters to the 250 miles of channel by which the Thames takes its course to the restless waiting sea.

"Men may come and men may go, but I go on for ever," sang Tennyson's hurrying brook. So, we may hope, will the Thames, but here is proof that the coming and going of short-lived man does affect a river at its cradle.

BEACHES NOT PAVED WITH GOLD

Southend's experiment with its foreshore has not been a success.

The Corporation, in order to attract more people to what they believed would become Southend's yellow sands, decided first to bring the yellow sands to Southend. By this scheme some half-million tons of sand were to be dumped on the rather drab-looking foreshore. A quarter of a million tons have already been placed there; but one Southend alderman declares that the beach looks darker than ever.

Others beg for more time; perhaps the sand will bleach when it settles down? Some fear that it may blow away as it grows lighter in weight as well as in colour.

But the Corporation is not to be beaten yet. They will go elsewhere for better and brighter sand, in the hope that next year they may invite visitors by poster, in good Shakespearean English, to:

*Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands.*

THREE MAIDS GO TO SKYE

By a Traveller Who Met Them

There were once (there are now) three maidens who worked for their living in Glasgow, and determined to have a really adventurous holiday in the Western Isles.

They invested in a light tent (weight six pounds) made of balloon cloth, and, turning a deaf ear to the remonstrances of their people who thought it would be "risky and uncomfortable," they packed up a few things—as few as possible. One of them, a great Barrie lover, would have liked to have taken his plays, but there was no room.

A Rough Voyage

The three maidens got as far as one of the little ports that leads over to the winged island of Skye, and one fell and hurt her knee, and so it was they lost the boat while binding up the cut.

"But a boat is going out to Soay," they were told, "and the men may possibly row you on to Skye."

In they got. The voyage was rough and long and it was a Scottish July. The water was not very calm. When they got to Soay they did not want to go any farther, nor did the boatmen offer to take them.

And then as they walked up the shore they found there were no roads in this unknown island! People at the school were very kind to them, and, after all, when they had had a delightful tea, and had got dry after their soaking, they were pleased that they had struck so romantic a strand.

Mary Rose's Island

The Barrie lover learned that some of the folk there firmly believe it to be Mary Rose's island, the island "that does not like to be visited." Was not this a thrill? And what did the troublesome knee or the soaked clothing matter when they were in this lonely, bewitching place?

The Three Maidens are some of Scotland's fairest and best. They crossed over to Skye later and we heard their story standing on a bridge near Sligachan. Their cheeks glowed with health and they were ready for anything. They had determined to go to the kirk on Sunday, and asked us the way.

How they will think of their landing on the mysterious island when, possibly, they attend to the telephone, or cut off lengths of lace during a monotonous day in a crowded city!

The moral for our stay-at-homes is so clear that we need say no more.

TO THOSE ABOUT TO SPOIL THE COUNTRYSIDE

A Word From the Ministry of Transport

How to save the beauty of England from being ruined by the new roads which motor-traffic has made necessary is one of the urgent problems of our time. According to our success in dealing with it we shall be praised or blamed by those who come after us.

Fortunately there are in the Ministry of Transport, which looks after the making of the new roads, men who are alive to the importance of leaving the countryside as far as possible unharmed. A circular to the local councils throughout the land has been issued by the Ministry, urging that trees shall be left standing wherever this is possible, that old cottages and other picturesque buildings by the wayside shall be carefully preserved, and that, instead of raw gashes being left in the soil, grass and shrubs shall be planted.

It is also pointed out that anyone whose property may be increased in value by the making of a new road can be called upon to pay something to the community for that benefit, instead of getting it for nothing; as such owners have done in the past—an idea all wise people now agree with.

GEMS OF CAPTIVE CRAFTSMEN

HUMAN TOUCH IN THE ANTIQUE SHOP

Handiwork of Prisoners in the Wars of Long Ago

NO HATE AMONG PEOPLES

Like many other people, Queen Mary delights in antiques. She has just secured an interesting collection of objects of art fashioned in old English prisons by captives of the wars with France.

There must have been many fine craftsmen among these French prisoners, skilled in the carving of ivory and bone and the chasing of metals, for there exists a host of examples of their work, chessmen, ivory draughts, fans, and exquisitely wrought ships of ivory, ebony, and metal.

It may not be generally remembered that the lives and labours of those prisoners have an honoured place in our literature, and play a part in a very generous compliment to the English character. It was Oliver Goldsmith who immortalised these nameless captives and paid tribute to those of their enemies who befriended them.

In Merry Mood

Oliver was living in London, poor, industrious, and happy in the very heyday of his genius. Among the thousand things he did was a series of essays written day by day for a paper now dead and long forgotten. Few have heard of this paper, yet the articles Oliver Goldsmith wrote for it are part of the imperishable fabric of English letters.

In his merriest mood he pretended that he was a Chinaman travelling the world and temporarily living in England. His mission was to send letters home to China describing what he saw and heard. As may be imagined, English life as it would seem to a Chinese, described through the eyes of a disguised Irishman, made brilliantly funny reading, but included many a shrewd lash for the weaknesses and follies of the English character.

Nevertheless Goldsmith's verdict presented us on the whole very creditably to the world. Perhaps in nothing that he wrote was there a gentler pathos than that in which he described the lot of the French prisoners here. War laws then were terrible. We had no system of official maintenance for prisoners; and the French Government, when appealed to, washed their hands of their unfortunate countrymen and left them to rags and starvation.

An Englishman's Mite

Goldsmith tells how a subscription was organised here by the British public, how charities were collected, proper necessities procured, "and the poor gay sons of a merry nation taught to resume their former gaiety." The list of names, he says, was almost entirely English, and he declared that the spirit of all was breathed in a single inscription accompanying a gift in these words:

The mite of an Englishman, a citizen of the world, to Frenchmen, prisoners of war, and naked.

Those naked prisoners were the men who made these treasures of ivory and ebony and metal. How well, once again, this story teaches us that wars are not made by peoples, and how little hate there is among peoples one for another!

K.M.A.

A new title for air pioneers has been proposed in Australia.

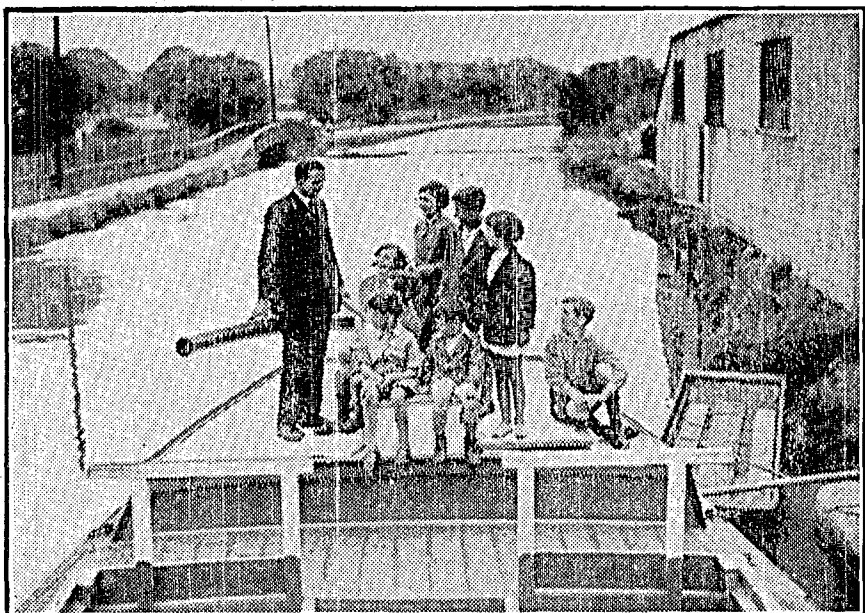
It is suggested that a new order shall be created and that the bearer of it shall be known as a Knight Master of the Air.

September 6, 1930

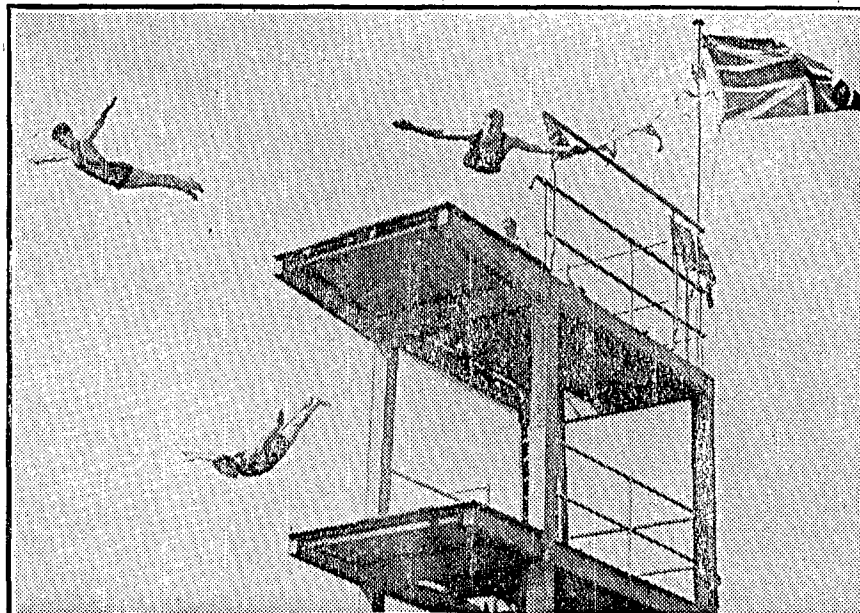
The Children's Newspaper

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A FLOATING SCHOOL • THE THATCHER AT WORK • LESSON IN A ZOO



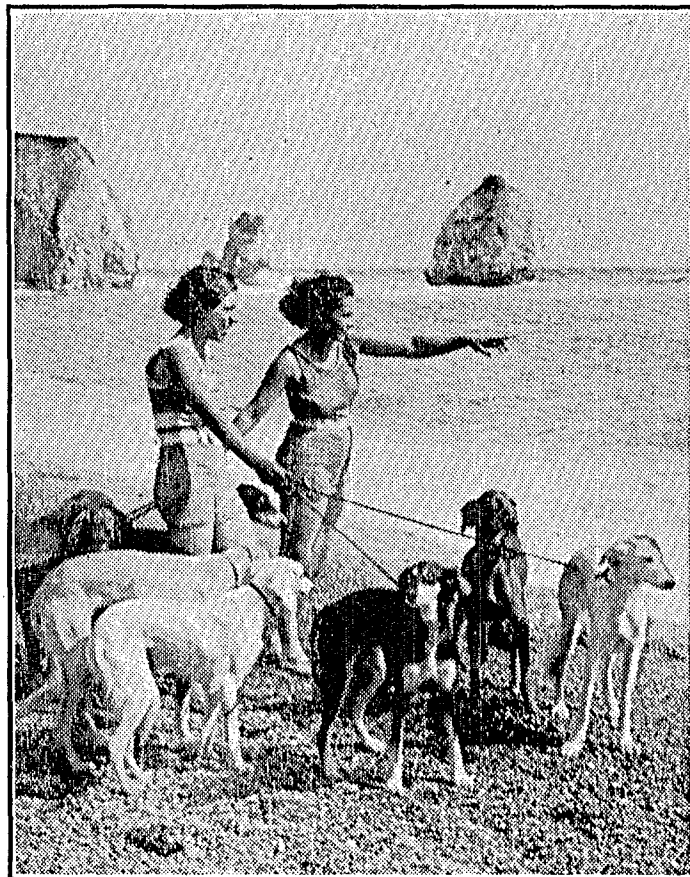
A Floating School—For the benefit of children who live on barges the Grand Union Canal Company has provided a barge equipped as a school. The master is seen in this picture.



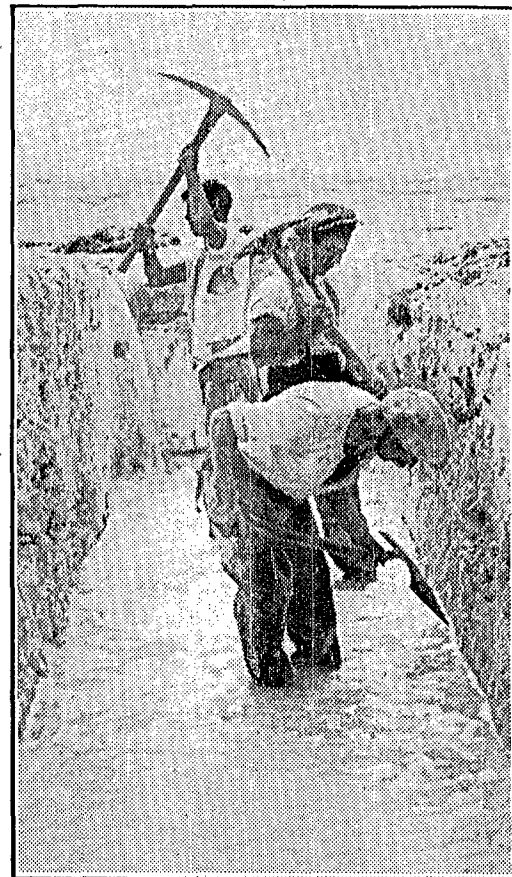
A Triple Dive—Three expert divers are here seen giving a demonstration of the swallow dive at Highgate Ponds, on Hampstead Heath, London.



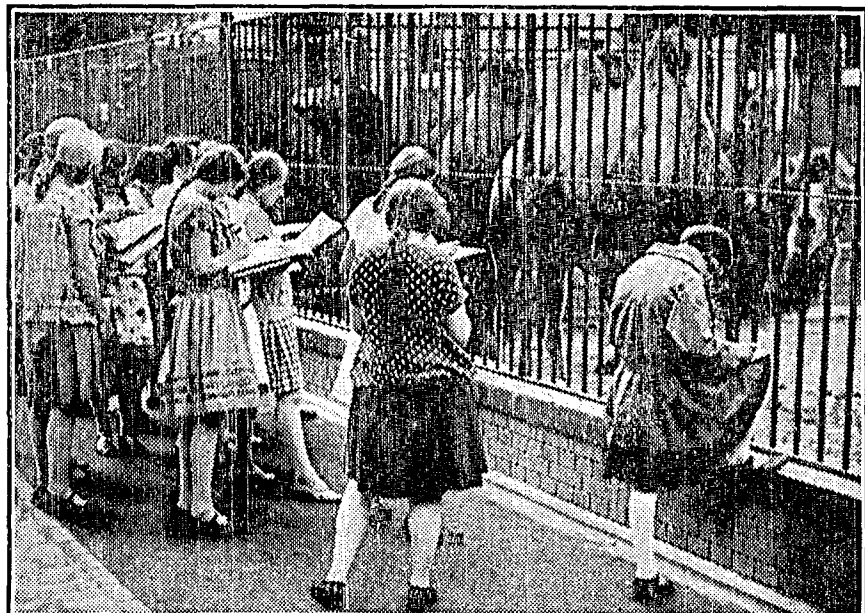
Preparing For Winter—Thatched cottages and barns are still familiar in many parts of the countryside. Here is a roof in Buckinghamshire being repaired in readiness for the winter.



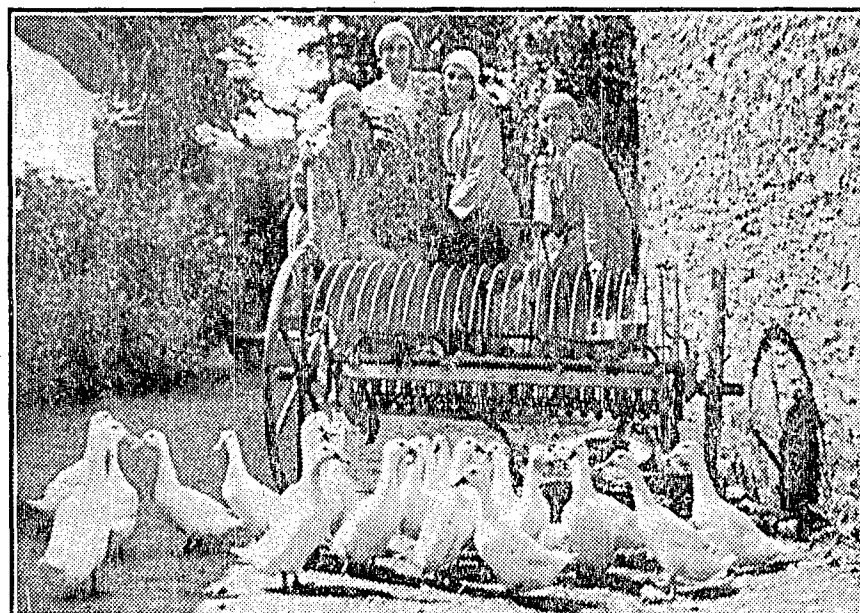
Morning Exercise—At Freshwater in the Isle of Wight is a well-known kennel of salukis, the ancient breed of greyhounds which originated in Western Asia. This picture shows two ladies exercising the handsome dogs at Freshwater Bay before taking their morning swim.



New Cliff Road—During the early stages of making the new road between Brighton and Rottingdean it was necessary for some of the men to work almost knee-deep in water, as seen here.



Artists and Models—This picture from the Berlin Zoo shows a party of German schoolgirls sketching the camels and making notes for natural history lessons.



In a Devon Farmyard—These girls resting in a farmyard consider Devon to be the ideal county for holidays, where the joys of country and seaside are so well combined.

COPYING OUT AN ENCYCLOPEDIA

A Stupendous Undertaking

WRITING FOR 20 YEARS

To the quaintness of men's pastimes there is no end.

We hear that in Madrid there is a man named Luis Lopez Cubero who, longing to own the large edition of the Spanish Encyclopedia but too poor to buy it, has hit on the ingenious device of copying it out word for word.

Every morning he presents himself at the National Library in Madrid, and, getting out a volume of the Encyclopedia, writes down assiduously everything he finds in it.

He works ten hours a day and returns in the evening to his young wife, who receives him with the gleeful pride with which the cave-dweller's mate must have welcomed her lord and master when he returned from a successful hunt with plenty of raw meat for herself and the little ones. She it is who neatly sews the manuscript sheets together lest they should get lost or scattered, very much as the cave-wife must have learned to pickle bear meat for future consumption.

Is It Worth It?

Soon, it seems, the first volume, containing half a million words, will be finished. But there are seventy volumes in all, and Luis Lopez Cubero reckons that at the present rate it will take him about 20 years to finish the lot. As he is thirty now, he will be fifty when that time comes.

"But think," he says, "what a well-informed and cultivated person I shall have become!"

A rich man, hearing of the undertaking, has promised to give him a modest annuity on condition that he carries it through to the end.

One cannot help reflecting that a man rich enough to give another man an annuity for 20 years might just as easily have made him a present of the work he coveted and so have set him free for some other more useful work. But perhaps the rich man in his wisdom thought that such a good occupation should not be interfered with.

WALKERS DISCOVER ENGLAND

How to Use the Railways

Why a walker should be called a hiker we do not know, and the word is surely a very ugly one to describe a good and natural enjoyment.

It is splendid that so many young people have rediscovered the joy of walking, and with it the beauty of our lovely island "set in the silver sea." Walking is a fine antidote to riding in cars, which is the most unhealthy amusement ever invented, cramping the limbs and spoiling the digestion.

There are now about 200 societies affiliated to the Federation of Rambling Clubs, and of course there are thousands who belong to no society but walk freely where fancy takes them. All walkers should learn how to use the railways to take them to a good jumping-off ground. There are special cheap fares, and go-as-you-please tickets are issued, enabling one to set out from one station and return from another.

Near London there are half-crown Sunday walking trips; and in many industrial centres such as Manchester there are week-end walking tour tickets.

And you may take your dog for there are now cheap return tickets for him at single rate for the double journey.

Never mind the weather. With a minimum of suitable clothes and a waterproof any weather is good weather. It is only your pale townsman, debilitated by too much riding on wheels, who imagines that such a thing as bad weather exists.

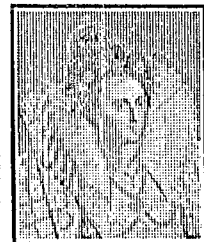
A LIFE OF THE WEEK

Our One Great Queen

On September 7, 1533, Queen Elizabeth was born.

Hundreds of books have been written about Queen Elizabeth, picturing her in contradictory ways. She has been called tyrannical, vain, and mean. Also she has been hailed as thoroughly English, brave, patriotic, a strong ruler in a difficult age, a wise chooser of advisers, a great and popular queen.

The reasonable view is that we ought to study her with sympathy as a woman who reached the throne through many perils, who was queen for 44 dangerous years, who had neither father, mother, nor relatives to help her, but had largely to keep her place by her woman's wit, and who saw her country rise to the dignity of a great nation.



Queen Elizabeth

The daughter of King Henry the Eighth and his second wife Anne Boleyn, Elizabeth knew as a child that her mother had been divorced and beheaded, and that she herself was disowned by her father. It is not too much to say that for the first 55 years of her life that life was never safe, because it was a pawn in the games of family and religious ambitions.

As a child she was a nobody. In that her safety was found. She was not the rival, as a Protestant, to her elder Catholic sister, Mary. Lady Jane Grey was the Protestant rival, and thereby lost her innocent life. It was Parliament that brought her to the throne, after her young half-brother Edward and her elder half-sister Mary, because Parliament would not have Mary Queen of Scots as an heir to the English throne.

Keen minded and well educated, this motherless girl grew up to fight her own battles largely alone. She knew she could not marry, though no woman ever had more suitors. She knew she could not divide her power with any man. Her sister Mary was a melancholy example of that mistake. She was not interested in the religious divisions of the times, for their own sake, but she knew where her friends were to be found. And so she played her part on the high stage of queenship as one who relishes a very personal game.

Playing the Part

She sought out sage advisers, elderly, cautious men whose manly judgment she could lean on. She gathered around her bright and handsome men who surrounded her with gaiety, wit, and adulation. She had a fine taste in bold, adventurous men who would take her into partnership on a money basis, for she dearly loved money. She loved to play the part of a queen among her people in fine processions at someone else's expense, and the people loved to have the spectacle, and felt she was a real queen.

A very full life lived this self-centred queen, but she was well aware of what was trivial and what was real and important, and when the interests of her country were at stake she stood forth bold and capable. Let us not think hardly of her. Hers was a rather sad life in reality. Through peril in youth she came to much national glory. But she never had any home life. She played a big part but it was largely play, and her life faded sadly around her in her declining years, with few about her who loved her for herself alone.

HOUSE NUMBER 30,000

Birmingham has just built its 30,000th municipal house.

If they were all placed together their combined frontages would stretch from Birmingham to London. Mr Arthur Greenwood, the Minister of Health, went to open this new house, and praised Birmingham for its housing progress, which is an example to other cities.

THE BLACK AND WHITE KEYS

Achimota's Emblem

When the Prince of Wales College at Achimota on the Gold Coast was looking for a crest it was decided that nothing could be more appropriate than a little shield-emblem showing the white and black keys of a piano.

In making their choice they commemorated both their Vice-Principal, the late Dr J. E. Kwegyir Aggrey, the great African who devoted his life to promoting the full cooperation of white and black races, and the illustration he liked so much to use that, just as you could not get full harmony from a piano without using both the white and black keys, so world harmony could only be brought about by both races working together.

This crest is not only used at the school but has been made into a neat little brooch, and among those who proudly wear it is Dr Aggrey's widow, who is doing magnificent work in North Carolina as a Jeanes Supervisor, that is, a friendly school inspector.

Mrs Aggrey recently took part at a meeting of white and black churchwomen at Oberlin College, one of the famous American Negro schools. They asked her the meaning of her brooch, and she told them the story. They were delighted with the idea and decided to adopt the badge as their own emblem of inter-racial work between white and coloured women.

MORE RARE METALS

FIND A USE

As new inventions come along uses are found for elements that have lain idle and purposeless for years.

This is especially the case with rare gases; neon is today distilled on a large scale from liquid air for the manufacture of electric lamps, helium is being used for the filling of airships, and so on. Now two of the rare metals, caesium and rubidium, have found an important use in the making of the photo cells used in talking pictures.

They both generate electricity if light falls upon them, especially if a very thin film, a molecule or two only in thickness, be deposited on the walls of a glass bulb from which all air has been extracted.

Caesium is particularly useful because it not only deposits itself, when burned, on the inside of the bulb but in so doing it takes up the air and produces the necessary vacuum. A tiny fragment of caesium chloride, mixed with magnesium, is introduced into the bulb and set on fire, when it burns up the air in the bulb and forms on the glass a white coating of infinite thinness.

MORE BOOKS ARE BEING READ

We date many unpleasant changes from the Great War. Here is a pleasant one.

People are reading more books now than they did before 1914. This comes out clearly in the report on the Croydon Public Libraries for last year. The issues of books from these institutions have increased by a million a year. The total now is a million and a half; it used before the war to be half a million. It is still going up by sixty odd thousand a year.

Croydon sets a good example to other towns, some of which are very backward in providing books. Dover, for instance, has no public library at all.

THEN AND NOW

We don't live the beautiful lives that the Greeks did. Today we go to the sale rooms and pay fabulous prices for great relics. When we die, do you think future generations will crowd into the sale rooms to buy our tinned-meat cans and empty beer bottles? Our civilisation is not permeated with beauty as the Greek civilisation was.

Mr I. B. S. Holbourn

THE AIR WE BREATHE

Science Making It Purer

A RAILWAY EXPERIMENT

People working in many big factories are today breathing air purer than the atmosphere outside the factory buildings.

The use of air washed free from any impurities, dried, and warmed to some uniform temperature, was found to be necessary for certain delicate operations of manufacture, and it was discovered that workpeople did so much better and quicker work in purified air that what is termed air conditioning is now being carried out in many factories solely for the health of the people.

A new experiment has just been tried of a railway dining-car in which the air is similarly cleaned and kept cool and free from any trace of smell from the kitchen. The air is drawn away from the saloon and passed through numbers of very fine sprays of water to wash it. It is next cooled by passing it over metal coils cooled with ammonia, when the moisture is condensed from it.

Temperature of Spring

Now dry, the air is just warmed by passing it over electric heaters until it gets to a comfortable spring temperature when it is passed back into the saloon. A little fresh air from outside is taken in with it, but the air from outside is cleaned by passing it through filters made of tiny scraps of metal covered with oil. These filters remove almost every bit of dust or smoke.

This operation of washing, condensing out the moisture, reheating and filtering, is the one used in many big factories today. It is being used in nearly all the better picture theatres, studios, and large concert halls. It gives us air to breathe actually purer than "pure air," and is one of the greatest hygienic developments of modern engineering.

EVERYTHING IS DIFFERENT NOW

A Famous Lease Running Out

Rather more than 100 years ago, while old George the Third was still alive, his son, the Prince Regent, lived in Carlton House.

This royal residence stood on the edge of St James's Park, where is now Carlton House Terrace. The Regent planned to run a road from it straight to Primrose Hill, and to build himself a villa there. So Waterloo Place came into being, and Regent Street and Portland Place, all fine broad thoroughfares suitable for royal processions. Also, Regent's Park was laid out, stretching almost to Primrose Hill.

The villa was not built, the road was never completed; only the Park remained to remind people of the Regent's grandiose idea. It is a very large expanse of grass and woodland and water, with the Zoological Gardens in it, and in the centre about 20 acres are railed off and the public not admitted.

These 20 acres belong to the Royal Botanic Society. The ground was granted to it in 1838, so that experiments with plants and flowers could be made there. Now the lease has almost run out. In two years the land will revert to the nation, and the public will be admitted to this Inner Circle, as it is called, though it is probable that the experimental work of the gardeners will still be carried on.

What changes have been made in London since the date that work began! The city has spread out to seven times its earlier size, the population has more than trebled in number, underground railways burrow under the Gardens, aeroplanes hum overhead. Even the flowers are quite different from the flowers of those far-off days.

To C.N. Motorists

Do Not Buy Petrol
From Ugly Stations

September 6, 1930

The Children's Newspaper

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THE EAGLE CHIEF STARS OF AQUILA

Remarkable Sun That Expands
and Contracts

THE MILKY WAY

By the C.N. Astronomer

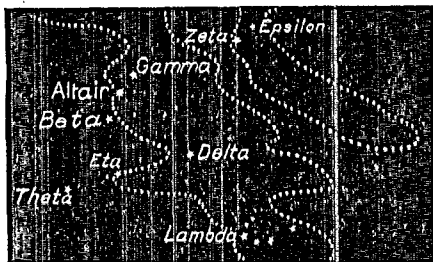
The constellation of Aquila, the Eagle, the Head of which was described in last week's C.N., may be easily recognised with the aid of our star-map.

This shows Aquila's chief stars. All but the faintest will be discernible, notwithstanding the moonlight of next week. This, by the way, is not the Harvest Moon, which will not occur until the first and second weeks of October.

It will be seen that the stars Zeta and Epsilon above Delta and Theta below suggest the tips of outstretched wings. The semi-circle of small stars extending from Lambda indicate Antinous, the boy carried in the Eagle's talons.

These will be seen better a week later when the Moon is out of the way, for they are in a most interesting region of Aquila, which will be dealt with then.

Delta in Aquila is a sun 3,600,000 times farther away than our Sun, its light taking 57 years to reach us, while Zeta in Aquila, 6,477,000 times farther



The chief stars of Aquila, and the limits of the Milky Way

away than our Sun, radiates about 60 times as much light. This gives us some idea of how much larger Zeta is, but its light has taken 102 years to get here.

Epsilon in Aquila, a fainter star above Zeta, is still farther away, 142 light-years, so it must be about nine million times as far as our Sun.

Between Delta and Theta is a somewhat fainter star, Eta in Aquila, remarkable because of the variation in its light, which gradually decreases from 3.7 to 4.6 magnitude and then gradually returns to its original brightness. The whole cycle takes 7 days, 4 hours, and 14 minutes with wonderful regularity.

Eta belongs to an amazing type of sun which pulsates—that is, it expands immensely, probably to twice its size, and then contracts. It has been calculated that, though Eta possesses about 13 times the material that our Sun does, it is rarefied into glowing vapour that is far lighter and more intangible than the air we breathe. It is calculated to be between 500 and 800 light-years distant.

Theta's distance is 13,800,000 times that of our Sun, its light taking 217 years to reach us, while the light from Lambda takes 86 years. So this great sun is 5,461,000 times as far as our Sun.

Millions of Suns

These stars, together with Altair, Beta, and Gamma, described last week, are among the brightest because they are the nearer of the stars of Aquila; but beyond can be seen on a dark night multitudes of other stars extending into the remote distance for thousands of light-years beyond. We shall also see a luminous haze which is the light from many millions of suns in the still farther distant Milky Way.

The whole constellation of Aquila lies across the Milky Way, which is very rich in star-clouds in this region. The dotted line on the star-map encloses approximately the regions where the radiance from these vast clouds of suns may be seen. A dark rift passes north-eastward and past Zeta; this separates a colossal branch from the main stream of our great galaxy of suns.

G. F. M.

WHEN WE ARE ASLEEP

How Many Times Do We
Turn Over?

An ingenious appliance has been invented to discover how many times a man turns over when he is asleep.

It seems that we do not remain in the position in which we fall asleep, but that we move again and again. We suspected this was the case after a heavy supper, but it appears that quite healthy and normal people do change their position from twenty to forty-five times in a night.

This has been checked by marks on a moving roll of paper and by a camera. One hundred people were tested to get a fair result. We have always supposed the best way to go to sleep was for the body to be stretched out with limbs relaxed, and with no cramping or curling up, but it would seem that in whatever position we go to sleep we move about a good deal before the morning.

QUEER PLAYMATES

A Welsh reader sends us this observation of strange animal playmates.

Travelling along a lonely country road in North Wales the motorists observed ahead of them what appeared to be two dogs frolicking in the middle of the main road. On nearing the spot the car was stopped, and the travellers were astounded to see a Welsh sheepdog playing with a fully-grown wild rabbit. The animals would first roll along the road, jump on their hind legs, and then pat each other. These antics were repeated for some time, and when the car was eventually driven forward the dog jumped into the hedge on one side of the road and the rabbit into the one opposite. Having passed the spot, the car was again pulled up, and on looking back it was seen that the animals had returned and were resuming their play.

We have known several instances of rabbits and dogs, when brought up together, habitually playing in the way described; as some cats and dogs will. If it is so in a domestic state where considerable freedom is allowed it may well be repeated in a wilder state.

AUSTRALIA MOVING

West Australian Airways is very go-ahead; and is determined to get its mail service into record time.

It has hitherto used that very efficient machine, the De Havilland Hercules, with three Bristol Jupiter engines. Two new machines, Viaspas, made by Vickers, are now to be tried.

Being of high-wing type, the cabin passengers in these planes enjoy an unobstructed view. The planes are all-metal; even the wings have a duralumin covering. They also have three engines, and can fly level on one out of the three. They carry twelve passengers, and full-loaded weight is five tons. Their top speed is 160 miles an hour, but the surprising feature is their average cruising speed of 140 miles an hour.

This will cut the journey from Perth to Adelaide from nearly 15 hours to 11. The experiment is being watched with unusual interest.

B.M. AND B.B.C.

When the B.B.C. arranged to broadcast by request a song entitled *Mi vien da ridere* not a single copy could be found among all the publishers in London. As a last resort the British Museum Library was applied to, and was able to oblige.

A little later an Australian native song was required. Application to Australia having proved fruitless, the British Museum was called upon, and once again came to the rescue.

C. L. N.

LITTLE PEOPLE ON THE
GREAT LEAGUE

Why We Must Join the C.L.N.
and Save Peace

COOPERATING WITH ONE
ANOTHER

Number of Members—18,197

Some boys and girls awhile ago sat down to write an essay on the League of Nations.

Naturally their thoughts turned first to the subject of war, about which some of them were very downright. We are inclined to think that if politicians and statesmen the world over were as sure of exactly what war is as these school-children they would disdain to use it henceforward for any purpose whatever.

"War is paltry. It makes nothing, but it mars almost everything," wrote a girl of 14. "War is a pest; its sole purpose is to eat away the prosperity of countries, to make wives widows, children orphans, and men murderers," wrote a boy of 13. "Paltry and a pest! Do we seriously want to cling to something that is paltry and a pest, merely because others before us have done so? How paltry!"

The Law of Harmony

About the League of Nations, one boy just turned 11 wrote delightfully: "I must in the first place mention disease. Disease could kill all the world, but I hope the League will soon put a stop to its antics." We hope so, too, but still more do we hope that peoples of the world will more and more speedily realise, echo, and act upon the thought of a girl who was older, but still at school, who wrote:

I believe in the League because of what it has done; I believe in the League because of what it will do. I see the light of its influence spreading over the farthest corners of the Earth. I see each man modelling his personal ideals on those of the League, gradually learning to realise the perfect harmony underlying the scheme of all things, and to reverence the sacred link which binds together all of mankind in one everlasting fraternity.

Such a Credo takes for its basis the spirit of cooperation. The ideal which lights the way of the League of Nations as a star led the shepherds of old is the conception of a community of nations cooperating together harmoniously. To follow this gleam would mean, as this schoolgirl so clearly sees, a realisation of the law of harmony which governs the Universe and is only broken by mankind. To serve the spirit of cooperation would be to create a new world.

We have so much already on which to base this service. Playing the game is only another name for the spirit of cooperation; it was the spirit of the trenches and the spirit which drew together the people at home in the war. It is the stimulus to work, the good accompaniment of pleasure. To trust in and appeal to this spirit makes it manifest. By becoming cooperators with the good in man we become co-workers with God.

The words are the same. What a majesty is ours in the service of this great spirit!

Have you done your share? Are you in the Children's League of Nations? Or are we waiting still for you to join?

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:

Children's League of Nations,

15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W. 1.

No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.



Your Children's
greatest need is
HEALTH
AND
ENERGY

ALL day long the children are using up energy in spendthrift fashion—and every ounce of energy spent has to be made good from nourishment. They are growing, physically and mentally, and nourishment is essential for healthy growth.

Children need more nourishment than ordinary food supplies. They need the wonderful nourishment contained in "Ovaltine." This delicious beverage is prepared from Nature's best foods—malt, milk and eggs. All the nutritive elements are present in a correctly balanced and easily digested form.

Make sure your children have their "Ovaltine" every day—for breakfast, after school, before going to bed. Then you can be quite sure that they will grow up strong and healthy.

"Ovaltine" is sold at prices that place its use within the reach of all. For promoting health, strength and vitality it stands supreme among all forms of concentrated nourishment.

OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Sold in tins at 1/3, 2/- and 3/9.

The larger size tins are more economical to purchase.

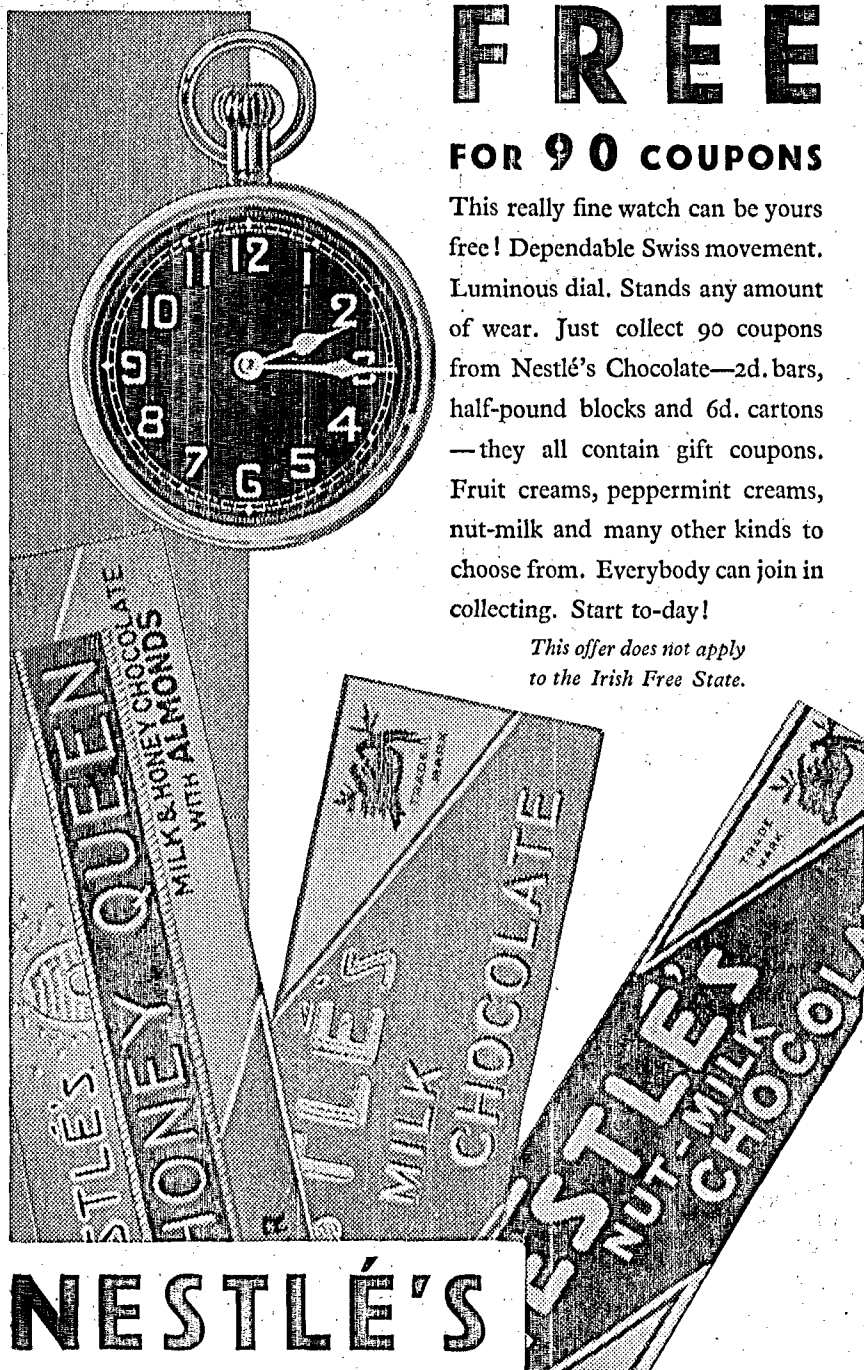
P614

This splendid WATCH FREE

FOR 90 COUPONS

This really fine watch can be yours free! Dependable Swiss movement. Luminous dial. Stands any amount of wear. Just collect 90 coupons from Nestlé's Chocolate—2d. bars, half-pound blocks and 6d. cartons—they all contain gift coupons. Fruit creams, peppermint creams, nut-milk and many other kinds to choose from. Everybody can join in collecting. Start to-day!

This offer does not apply to the Irish Free State.



NESTLÉ'S CHOCOLATE

5
FREE
COUPONS

To Nestlé's (Gift Dept.), Silverthorne Road, Battersea, London, S.W.8

Please send me 5 FREE COUPONS and the Nestlé's
55/6-9-39 Presentation List

Name.....
IN BLOCK CAPITALS

Address.....

Ad. Stamp sufficient if
envelope is unsealed

THE RIGHT FOOD FOR BABY

Mellin's Food

THE FOOD THAT FEEDS

SEND THIS
COUPON
FOR
FREE
SAMPLE

This coupon entitles sender to "How to Feed Baby"—a book every Mother should have—and a sample of Mellin's Food. Post it now to Mellin's Food, Ltd., Dept. 1/68, London, S.E.15.

Name.....

Address.....

Baby's age.....

THIS FILM STUFF Pity the Poor Star

The other day Peter Puck was found in tears.

"Come, come, Peter," said his good aunt, "has the Government turned down your scheme for sending the Eskimos a Stop-Me-and-Buy-One Man?"

"They are still considering it," sobbed the stricken Peter. "It is not that. It is poor Clara Bow."

Then he became calm and told Aunt Jobiska of an interview he had been reading with the film star.

"She works so hard (he said), yet she gets almost nothing out of it. She says it is a mistake to think film stars are colossally rich. She is as economical as she can be, and she asks herself wherever the money goes."

The Bitter Cost

"The poor child only has two cars and two houses. Think how it must crush her temperament! A temperamental girl needs at least ten houses to expand in. The 37,000 people of Lambeth who live under conditions where more than two people live in one room are far luckier than Clara Bow, because they do not have to maintain caste."

"Clara Bow says the cost of maintaining caste is enormous to a picture actress. She simply has to have about 75 pairs of shoes, 30 handbags, 150 day dresses, and 50 hats. Poor little girl! How it must bore her!"

"In order to cut down as much as possible she limits her staff to a secretary, chauffeur, housekeeper, studio maid, gardener, and physical culture expert who is permanently in attendance. The masseuse only comes in, and the dentist is not exclusively her own, so that her dentistry bill merely costs £300 a year. You cannot have your teeth X-rayed frequently for a smaller figure, can you?"

Democracy's Favourite

"She says she sometimes thinks she gets no more out of life than the typist who earns three pounds a week."

"Then why (asked Aunt Jobiska brutally) does she not go and be a typist?"

"I suppose (sighed Peter) that a sense of duty prevents her. You see, she is a public favourite. People who live nine in a room in the slums of London and Chicago pay for Clara Bow's 75 pairs of shoes. They like to do it."

"Once (said aunt) the people complained because kings spent so much money on their favourites. It seems to me that democracy spends just as much money on its favourites as ever a Louis the Fifteenth did on his. What nonsense it all is!"

"Poor Clara Bow!" cried Peter, burying his face in a cushion.

MUSIC ALL THE WAY

When the hundredth year of Belgium's independence and separation from Holland was celebrated in Brussels by a grand historic procession the crowds which waited to see it had a pleasant surprise.

They were waiting in the rain, and the time seemed likely to pass heavily as well as damply; but suddenly they heard music in the air. They looked about. No band could be seen. Where did the music come from? Then the sound of a great church organ was heard. The puzzle became more difficult.

Soon it was clear that this was wireless music, but how was it being broadcast? It was being heard all over the city, and the mystery was explained. Wires had been suspended along the fronts of the houses; they were connected with the central wireless station. At intervals of thirty yards there were loud-speakers, and so the music was heard all along the roads over which the procession passed. The people under their wet umbrellas had something to think about besides the rain.

THE TRAVELLING CARPENTERS On the Roads of Germany

By Our Travelling Correspondent

Travellers along the roads of Germany and Austria meet frequently the scattered bands of a brotherhood of so romantic and interesting an appearance as to be worth describing.

The first of the band we saw was striding along the highway to Freiburg in the Black Forest. He was clad in a suit of black velvet. His coat was square in cut, his trousers of a curiously nautical description. These were cut narrow at the top, and fairly narrow to the calf, but below this they broadened out so widely as to fall in folds around his sturdy feet. His waistcoat was of a gay pattern in red and white and was ornamented with six silver buttons. He wore a large black wideawake hat and carried a stout walking-stick. On his back was a bolster-shaped bundle coloured brightly in red and white, with the word *Beile* in large letters across it.

A Gay Greeting

He walked with a swinging stride; his face was shaven clean, his complexion was clear and sunburned; he radiated health and energy and greeted us gaily, inquiring if we had travelled all the way from England and whither we were bound? Three times we passed him on our journeyings, and along the roads that wind through the Black Forest we saw many others of his kind. Some of them wore ear-rings in addition to the ornaments already described.

It was not until we reached Heidelberg that we discovered their history. These men are travelling carpenters from the old Hanseatic ports of Lübeck, Hamburg, and Bremen, towns whose chief industries are centred in saw-mills, planing-mills, and shipbuilding.

The Rules of the Guild

These Timbermen are bound by the rules of their guild to journey on foot for two years throughout Germany, earning their living as they go by woodwork and carpentering. At the end of this period they may pursue their trade in any of the seaport towns of Northern Germany. As they pass on foot through the towns and villages their services are employed for the erection of wooden buildings, for the building of balconies, for the framework of windows, for every sort of work connected with their trade. They carry their tools with them in the gay red and white bags.

The greater number of them are of very fine physique, and suggest an ancestry of seamen, even, if it may be whispered, of pirates! For their dress recalls pictures familiar to us all, with the wide, black, flapping hat and the ear-rings beneath it. But theirs is the peaceful calling of the carpenter, and eagerly is their coming looked for in those lovely valleys of the Black Forest when there is woodwork to be done. Their appearance chimes harmoniously with those vast dark hills of fir trees, lit by brightest slopes of emerald green, and with the rushing mountain streams.

Sleeping Beneath the Stars

Where there is work for them to do they stay to do it; where there is none they journey on, sleeping, no doubt, very often beneath the stars. At the completion of a task they produce a paper which is duly signed and stamped. All of them are of one Brotherhood and meet as friends. One wonders whether their forbears built the wooden ships of bygone days; some, no doubt, were ship's carpenters.

They add greatly to the wonder and romance of the highways of Germany and Austria, and even in Switzerland they may be seen striding sturdily along before the background of the everlasting snows.

RAILWAYS LOSING MONEY

Millions Down

THE DIFFICULT TIMES APPROACHING

When we travel by train and see the competent, smiling guards, the brisk, helpful porters, the ticket clerks at their little windows, the signalmen in their boxes, we must know, if the position of the railways is clear to us, that many of them hide anxious hearts behind their cheerful faces.

The railway companies are losing so much money that they have already dismissed a large number of men, and they are considering the proposal of a reduction of wages all round in November, when their present agreement with the National Union of Railwaymen comes to an end.

During the first half of this year the four groups of railways have found their takings for passenger and freight traffic reduced by five million pounds.

Goods and Passengers

The L.M.S. are £2,500,000 down, the London and North-Eastern £1,500,000, the Great Western £800,000, and the Southern £250,000. The Southern have lost less than the others because they have so large a passenger traffic, including most of the routes to the Continent. The two lines which serve the North of England have suffered because of the bad state of the coal, steel, cotton, and wool industries.

It is by their freight or goods traffic that the railways must earn their profits. Passenger traffic is a less important item. Yet the losses on this, caused by the competition of motor-coaches, are serious.

No real effort has yet been made to reduce railway fares to the level of those charged by motor-coaches. Whether cheap fares would bring about a great increase in the number of travellers using the railways is not certain, but many people think it is very likely.

What will happen if the railways continue to earn less and less is doubtful. The nation might take them over, but that would mean either working with smaller staffs or making up losses out of taxation. If trade improved, all would be well. There are signs of this, but they are slight so far, and not many.

THE MINER'S CABBAGE PATCH

A Seed Bearing Fruit

Plant colewort cabbage, set strawberry runners—we have just been thinking over these gardening duties and there has come to our mind a vision of the allotments up in Yorkshire and down in Wales in the unhappy mining districts where today there stand hundreds of thriving cabbage patches, thanks to the exertions of the Quakers.

We were delighted to meet a lady the other day who is interested in this work and has been persuading the miners of Somerset to begin. The appearance of those children whose idle fathers have gallantly turned to the soil is well known; those who have a supply of good fresh greens have much rosier cheeks than those who hardly ever get even a lettuce to eat.

All good wishes to those good Quakers who have their eyes firmly fixed on the situation, and are striving steadily to get the unemployed on to their own bit of land, there to rear (on seeds they need not pay for) good and nourishing food for their families.

Will the Quakers extend this notion and encourage the men to grow a few extra carrots and cauliflowers to sell to those in need? We believe some system of cooperative marketing is in their heads, and we trust it will come to much. Every dweller in a village knows that such a scheme would find ready and immediate support.

THE VOLUNTEER AUNTS

A New Good Thing

Another good idea has just been born, and the C.N. hastens to welcome it.

Like many other good things it comes from Lancashire, that county of hard-working, hard-thinking people where the humblest woman keeps her windows polished and curtains white however poor she may be.

A group of women have banded themselves together to help the hard-up middle-class mothers of Manchester. Such mothers may not use the day nurseries which are rightly reserved for mothers who have to leave their children in order to work as spinners or charwomen. The middle-class mother who cannot afford a nurse is often so tired by housework that she would give a great deal to sit still for an hour; but the children must have their walk, so she cannot rest. Sometimes she is invited to spend a weekend in the country or by the sea, but she cannot go, because she has no one to leave with the children.

Kind People

Here is where the Volunteer Unofficial Aunts come in. They are kind people with a certain amount of leisure, and they are prepared to help the women with none.

Harassed mothers may apply to them for help. Is there an aunt who would take two little girls for a walk, or one who would listen for baby while mother goes to church, or another who could keep an eye on a little boy while his mother has three days' change of air? The Aunts reply, There is!

Hitherto the world has been full of kind folk and needy folk, but there has not been enough machinery for putting them in touch with one another. That is being put right by the Scouts, with their daily good turn, the Toc H members with their "jobs," the Crutch and Kindness League with its correspondent scheme, and the Volunteer Aunts. There is more kindness in action than ever before.

More Wanted

Although the organisation was born in Lancashire, there are Volunteer Aunts in other parts of England. The C.N. knows of one kind lady who frequently comes to a busy mother saying: "Shall I take Christopher for a couple of hours this morning?" Although she is a poet she looks after him beautifully, and has never wheeled him into a motor-car or the sea.

But the South of England needs more than one Volunteer Aunt. Let us hope that the movement will spread. It should appeal to Guiders.

THE PEARL MERCHANT AND THE X-RAYS

A famous Dutch jeweller has been joining forces with one of the biggest manufacturers of electric lamps to produce a simple outfit for distinguishing between real and cultured pearls.

The C.N. has often told how a beam of X-rays passed through a crystalline substance throws a pattern upon a photographic plate, depending on the spaces between the planes of atoms which go to make up the crystal.

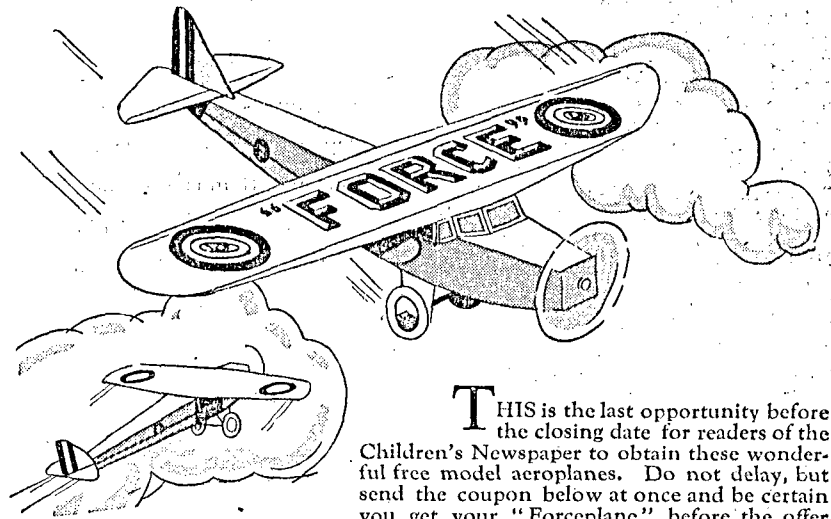
For a reason difficult to understand, the natural pearls are composed of well-ordered crystals which show in the photograph as little hexagons of a definite shape. The cultured pearls have quite a different figure, and by taking a crystal ray picture of a pearl it is possible to tell without any doubt whether it is natural or cultured.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Bremen	Bray-men
Caesium	See-ze-um
Contiguity	Kon-te-gu-e-te
Sioux	Soo

FREE FORCE-PLANES

FOR ALL WHO EAT "FORCE"



THIS is the last opportunity before the closing date for readers of the Children's Newspaper to obtain these wonderful free model aeroplanes. Do not delay, but send the coupon below at once and be certain you get your "Forceplane" before the offer closes on September 15th, 1930.

To obtain the flat coloured design, size 10" x 22", from which you can make the splendid gliding model, send the coupon together with ONE TOP FROM A "FORCE" PACKET AND A 1½d. STAMP (to cover postage). Sunny Jim will send you the "Forceplane" by return of post.

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FORCE

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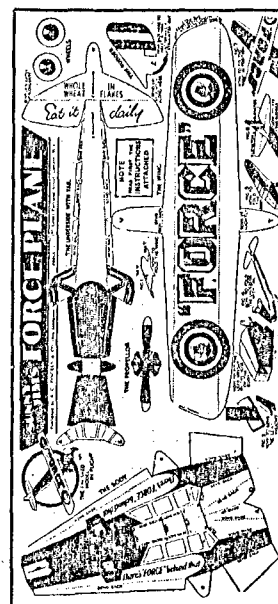
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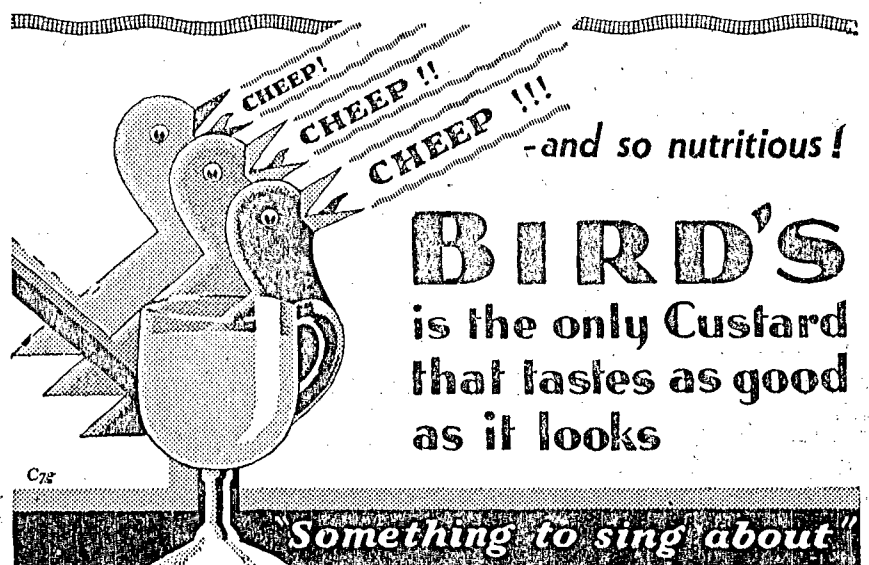
Your Name.....

Your Address.....

Town.....
(This offer applies in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State only)



The above is a miniature reproduction of the flat fully coloured design (actual size 10 ins. by 22 ins.) from which the "Forceplane" shown in flight above, can be made. The finished model measures 10 ins. long and 1½ ins. across the wing.



CANNIBAL ISLAND

Serial Story by
T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 47

Jansen's Loot

Don frowned. "No petrol! We shall have to use the boat and tow out."

"I tink him pletty big job," said Chi Ling, looking rather blank.

"An awful job," agreed Jim. "We're a good mile in from the sea, and think of rowing and towing the schooner in this heat! But of course you might set Gabe's Malays to it," he added as an afterthought.

Don shook his head.

"I daren't do that, Jim. The odds are they'd cut the tow rope and make off. No, we shall have to do the job ourselves."

Mark came up and asked what they were discussing so earnestly, and Don told him.

"Why worry?" asked Mark. "There's petrol close by and plenty of it."

"Where?" Don asked.

"Over there," pointing inland. "Jansen must have good stores of it in this secret place of his. Redburn said as much."

Jim laughed. "Of course. How silly of us! Shall I go and get it, Don?"

But Don did not jump at the suggestion. "You may be right, Mark," he said, "but I can't say I'm keen on pushing any farther into this place. It gives me the creeps."

Mark stared, for it was not like common-sense Don to make such a confession.

"Besides," Don went on, "we don't know what we may run into. There may be a force of men here—Malays or natives, and as we've got the pearls and the gold I'd like to clear out and away quickly."

Mark looked round.

"It's not going to be any picnic towing the schooner out of this place. See here, you know I'm pretty careful, and if there's any sign of trouble I'll come back at once."

Don still hesitated, but Jim chimed in.

"Do let us go, Don. Mark and me and Parami, and you'll have Chi Ling and the other two to help you keep ship. Mark will take his rifle and we'll keep our eyes open."

"All right," said Don rather gruffly, "but don't be any longer than you can help. I shan't be easy till I see you back."

"We'll hurry," promised Jim, and at once jumped into the boat which lay alongside. He and Parami pulled and Mark, with his rifle on his knees, steered. They went to the head of the big pool and up the channel beyond. This was only a couple of hundred yards long and broad enough and deep enough to float a good-sized ship. Then they came out into a second lake-like expanse of water much larger than the first. On the near side it was bordered by a mangrove swamp, but on the other the land was higher and covered with huge trees, the boughs of which spread far out over the still, dark water. But it was not the water or the trees that Jim gazed at as he twisted his head round, it was a row of buildings.

The queerest buildings he had ever seen, for they stood up on stilts. In other words, they were built upon posts which had been rammed into the bottom so that their floors were about six feet above high-water mark. They were not the usual flimsy huts built by the Solomon Island natives, but good-sized, solid buildings with stout walls and roofs of heavy thatch. In all there were seven of them, the largest in the middle.

"Stop pulling," Mark ordered, and as the boat drifted quietly he stared hard at the queer houses.

"So that's Jansen's village," he remarked. "There doesn't seem to be anyone there though. What do you think, Parami?"

"I no think any live there," replied the brown man. "Therenosmoke; noonemove."

"Then pull ahead," said Mark, "but watch me, both of you, and if you see my rifle go up, duck."

They went on slowly, Mark watching the place keenly; but nothing moved and presently they pulled up in front of the centre building which had a kind of verandah from which a ladder dropped to the water. Mark, rifle in hand, stepped past the others.

"You people wait in the boat until I see whether the coast is clear," he ordered. He went up the ladder and into the place. "All right," he called presently. "You can come up."

Jim scuttled up in a hurry, eager to see the inside of the buildings, but what he saw left him gasping.

"Jansen does himself well, eh, Jim?" said Mark dryly. "I wonder where this carpet came from."

"Out of a mail steamer, by the look of it," replied Jim. "And see these saddle-bag chairs and this mahogany table; and the china and glass. Why, the beggar must have been looting all over the South Seas."

"He pretty big thief, I think," remarked Parami, who had come in behind Jim and was gazing round at the luxurious interior of the big room. It was furnished like the saloon of a millionaire's yacht, and, although the damp heat had damaged some of the luxurious hangings and blurred the mirrors, the whole effect was gorgeous. Mark, who was exploring at the far end of the long room, suddenly gave an angry exclamation.

"I know this," he said, lifting a silver cigar-box from a shelf. "It came from the Barracouta. You remember her, Parami?"

"I know, Cap'n Mark. She big yacht sunk in typhoon."

"That's what they said," replied Mark, "but the odds are that Dirck Jansen captured and scuttled her. I wonder what he did with poor old Mallett, who owned her?"

"What are we going to do? We can't leave all this stuff here," said Jim.

"No, we'll take it with us, but just at present a dozen gallons of petrol would be worth more to us than the whole lot. Let's go and hunt in the other buildings."

Three of these they found were sleeping apartments, one for white men with bunks fitted with spring mattresses. The windows were screened with wire gauze to keep out mosquitoes, and the floor covered with fine matting. Beyond the dormitories was a cook house, or rather, kitchen fitted up with oil stoves of latest pattern, pots and pans of aluminium and every kind of utensil for turning out a first-class meal. A store-house behind looked like a shop. There were rows and rows of tinned things, tongues, sausages, sardines, anchovies, peaches, apricots, pineapples, and jam.

"It makes me hungry to look," said Parami, and Jim laughed.

"Wait till Chi gets his hands on these. You won't be hungry much longer."

"We haven't got that petrol yet," said Mark. "There's one more building. That must be the store-house."

It was, and the first thing they saw was stacks of petrol cans piled against the wall. There were coils of rope, spare sails, cases of nails and bolts, parts of petrol engines. It was like a ship's chandler's shop. Jim sprang upon the petrol with a whoop of joy.

"Parami," said Mark, "you go and get a bagful of those tinned things. We'll have a real supper tonight."

"I go," said Parami, and hurried off while Mark and Jim stacked the petrol tins carefully amidships. In less than a minute Parami came running back, empty-handed.

"What's up?" demanded Mark.

"I hear someone," said Parami. "You lend me rifle, Cap'n Mark."

Mark seized his rifle and raced up the ladder. The others followed.

"Where was he?" demanded Mark as they reached the kitchen. Parami pointed through the window at the back.

"He in trees there."

"Can't see a sign of anyone," said Mark.

"Him man," replied Parami with certainty. "I hear his feet go pit-pat."

"Who could it have been?" Jim asked.

"A native most likely," Mark answered.

CHAPTER 48

A Night Alarm

"You've been away nearly two hours," said Don as they came alongside.

"We've got the petrol anyhow," replied Jim. "And food, Don. You ought to see the place."

"I don't want to. I want to get out to sea. This place poisons me," said Don.

"You'll have to see it, Don," Mark told him gravely. "There's stuff we must take back with us—loot from ships. I found a silver cigar-box from the Barracouta, and there's china which came out of the mail steamer Canton Castle. These things will be evidence against Jansen when he comes to trial."

Don frowned.

"You're right, Mark. We must get those things. But we'd better go at once. You and I and Parami. Jim must stay with Chi Ling to look after the ship. I don't like our both being away," said Don uneasily.

"We'll take Redburn with us," said Mark. "He may be useful. Gabe and his lot are tied up. They can't do any harm."

"It'll be all right," said Jim. "You go ahead and get the stuff."

They took Redburn and left in the boat. Jim wandered about the ship. He could not settle to anything. Don's uneasiness seemed to have infected him and he found it impossible to sit still. He longed to be

away from this swamp and out to sea. Then all they would have to do was to pick up Jansen and make back for Thursday Island. They had the pearls, and Jim began to think of all they would be able to do.

A deep rumbling sound startled him. He thought it was thunder, yet when he looked up the sky was clear.

"What was that, Chi?" he called, but Chi did not know.

"I wish Don was back," said Jim. "It's getting very late. If he doesn't come quickly it will be night, and we can't get out of this place in the dark."

He grew more and more uneasy. He wandered up and down the deck watching for the boat. But the Sun was down and a sultry dusk closing in before it appeared, laden almost to the water's edge.

"My word, I'm glad to see you," said Jim, as Don climbed aboard. "I thought you were never coming. But it's too late now to get out tonight."

"I can't help it, Jim," said Don. "There are piles of stuff there which must be brought away. We'll have to make another trip in the morning."

"Did you hear that rumble?" demanded Jim.

"I heard thunder once."

"It wasn't thunder. The sky was clear."

Don's eyes widened. "Then what was it?"

"That's what I want to know. This vile place is full of mysteries."

"We'll be off tomorrow," Don assured him. "Now I must go and wash. You get this stuff aboard."

Chi had a very special supper for them that night, and after they had finished they fed the prisoners. They took no risks, and loosed them one at a time. Gabe glowered at them sullenly.

"Mark," whispered Jim as they went on deck, "did you see anyone at the houses?"

"No. It must have been an animal of some sort that Parami heard. We found no signs of anyone."

Just then Don called. "Jim, you'd better turn in. I want you to take the first dog watch."

"Right," said Jim, and went to his bunk. In spite of the heat he was soon asleep, and it seemed no time before Parami was shaking him awake. It was just on four and he was due on deck in five minutes. He was still rubbing his eyes as he reached the deck. Clouds covered the sky and it was intensely dark. The only light was a dull red glow above the head of the volcano.

The first thing Jim did was to go down and see that the prisoners were safe, then he came back to the deck and stood near the bows. The croaking of frogs was almost deafening, and now and then came the hoarse bellow of a bull alligator. Suddenly these other noises were drowned by a heavy rumble which shook the still air.

"There it is again," said Jim aloud, and at the same time turned quickly to see where the sound came from. That movement saved his life, for a blow meant for his head just grazed his skull and fell on his shoulder. Even so it was enough to stun him for the moment, and down he dropped in a heap on the deck. His attacker stood over him a moment, club raised, then as Jim did not move glided silently away on noiseless feet and vanished down the forward hatch.

But Jim was far from dead, and after a time his eyes opened and he stirred. His shoulder hurt vilely and at first he could not understand what had happened. Then as his powers of thought came back he realised that he had been treacherously attacked, and at once remembered the man whom Parami said had moved behind the buildings. For a moment he lay still listening hard, but, hearing nothing except the frogs, he dared to roll over and crawl into the scuppers, and so wormed his way down as far as the main hatch.

There he waited again. It was far too dark to see anything and he had to depend on his ears. The safety of his brother, of the crew, and of the ship herself depended on him. Of that he was certain and he dared not make any blunder.

This time he did hear something. People were moving up forward, moving very softly, yet he could certainly hear bare feet rustling on the deck. What was more, steps were coming toward him. He waited no longer, but flung himself down the hatch.

"Don!" he shouted at the top of his voice. "Mark!"

A door banged open, the light of a torch flashed; here was Mark with his rifle and Don followed armed with a heavy stick.

"Someone on board!" cried Jim. "They're releasing the prisoners!"

Mark and Don did not wait an instant. They went dashing up on deck.

"Quickly!" roared Don. "They're off."

"It's too late," said Mark; "they're gone!"

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO LOOPS THE LOOP

MOTHER JACKO was suffering from an attack of rheumatism.

It was not only painful, she declared, but it made her quite nervous in getting about. As to mounting a pair of steps it was impossible.

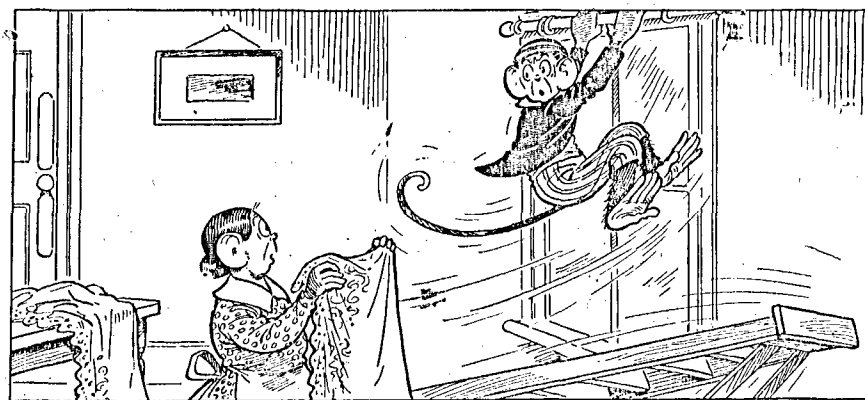
"Why on earth should you want to?" asked Father Jacko, staring at her in astonishment.

Jacko fetched the steps out of the cupboard under the stairs, and swung them into the parlour.

"Do be careful!" cried Mother Jacko, "you only just missed the hall light."

Jacko grinned and bumped the steps down within an inch of his mother's foot.

"Set them close against the window," she said, jumping back out of his way.



Jacko leaned forward and lost his footing

"It's the curtains," replied his wife. "They're black. I want to put up clean ones. Miss Ape is coming to tea."

And that was answer enough, for, as everybody knew, Miss Ape was the most particular person in Monkeyville. When she came to tea the house must be looking its best.

"You will have to help me, Jacko," she said, somewhat reluctantly. "And none of your tricks, for I'm not in the mood for any nonsense."

Jacko looked hurt.

"Fetch the steps, dear," said Mother Jacko, "and you can be rubbing up the brass rod and the rings while I prepare the curtains."

"And now when you're ready I'll hand the curtains up to you. Here's the duster."

Jacko caught it neatly, flicked the rod and the rings, and stared through the glass with considerable interest.

"Coo! Look at that aeroplane, Mater," he cried.

"Never mind the aeroplane," said Mother Jacko, "attend to what you are doing."

But Jacko had forgotten all about the curtains.

"He's looping the loop!" he cried.

In his excitement he leaned forward, lost his footing, and the next minute he was looping the loop himself.

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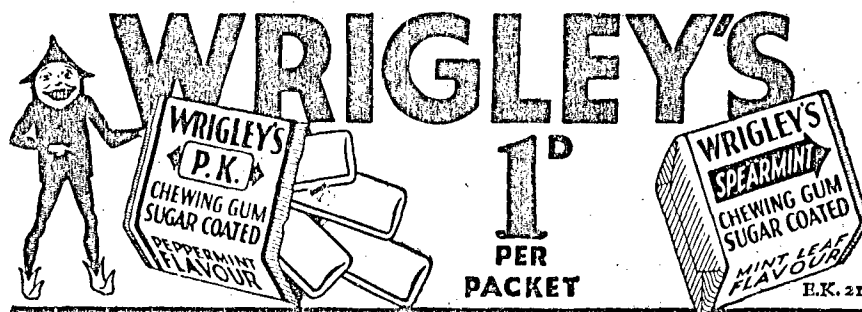
Take it steady!

PUT a piece of Wrigley's Chewing
Gum in the mouth — there's
nothing like it to "steady" you. The
pure, cool flavour refreshes you—
keeps you alive and alert.

A delightful sweet, Wrigley's "after
every meal" also aids digestion and
cleanses the teeth.

In two flavours—P.K., a pure pep-
permint flavour—and Spearmint, a
pure mint leaf flavour. Only 1d. a
packet, but the finest quality money
can buy. The flavour lasts.

British Made



A TREASURE CHEST OF RIPPING STORIES

There is no finer weekly paper for
manly boys than CHUMS. Every
issue is brim full of fine yarns of
school life, adventure, sport, peril
on the high seas, of bandits, and
great mysteries. Buy a copy today
—you will enjoy every word in it.

CHUMS

Every Saturday . . . 2d.



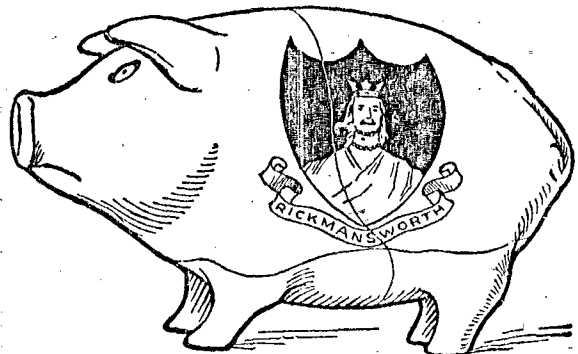
Two Steeples
CHILDREN'S
KNITTED OUTERWEAR
MADE FROM ST. WOLSTAN WOOL



Are
You
Enjoying
it?

College FESTIVAL ASSORTMENT

Selling Better
Than Ever



"When unpacking some china in a shop at Rickmansworth, I found this little pig broken. I stuck the pieces together with Seccotine and put it in the window for show. That was just over 20 years ago. Since then it has travelled with me from place to place, not always carefully packed, yet it has always come out whole. It has been washed many times with warm water. I thought you might like to have it as one more sample of what Seccotine can do, and how it stands wear and tear. Needless to say I always have Seccotine in the house, often using it and always with the greatest of success."

Every Reader of the Children's Newspaper ought to know all about

SECCOTINE

THE WORLD'S ADHESIVE

(Regd. Trade Mark.)

WHY? Well, every day in life there are things to make or to mend. The things to mend may be toys, tools, instruments or important pieces of furniture. What is needed is an adhesive of enormous strength, which is always ready at a moment's notice—requiring no heating or other preparation.

"HELP! HELP!"

Left-off Clothing, Boots of all descriptions, Hospital and Surgical Aid Letters, or money for Country Holidays for poor children, are urgently needed to help the "poor" passing through our hands. Any-thing will be gratefully received by

LEWIS H. BURTT, Secretary,
Hoxton Market Christian Mission, N.1.
President—WALTER SCOLES, Esq.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1 1/2 lb. 5/6, 3 lbs. 10/0. Excellent for Jumpers, Socks, etc. Navy, 3/10 lb. Superior Mixtures, 4/11 lb. post free. PURE WOOL SERGES from 2/11 to 27/11 yard. Reliable Tweeds, Flannels, Cottons, Tailoring, etc.

Patterns sent with pleasure.
NEARLY 60 YEARS' REPUTATION.
EGERTON BURNETTS, N.C. DEPT. **WELLINGTON SOMERSET, ENGLAND.**

EAST END MISSION

15,000 Children from homes of poverty in East End slums will, this summer, be given a day's holiday at the seaside or in the country. 2/- pays for one child giving him, or her, twelve hours' happiness. Between 500 and 600 of the most delicate and sickly boys and girls will be sent to a holiday home for a fortnight at a cost of 30/- each. Tired-out mothers and old people will also be given a holiday. Stepney is London's most over-crowded and poorest borough. Please send generous help. Contributions, greatly needed, thankfully acknow-ledged by the Rev. F. W. CHURCHILL, East End Mission, Commercial Road, Stepney, London, E.1.

CUT THIS OUT

CHILDREN'S PEN COUPON. **VALUE 3d.**
Send 5 of these coupons with only 2/6 (and 2d. stamp) direct to the **FLEET PEN CO., 119, Fleet Street, E.C.4.** By return you will receive a handsome Lever Self-Filling **FLEET S.F. PEN** with Solid Gold Nib (Fine, Medium or Broad), usually 10/6. Fleet price 4/- or with 5 coupons only 2/6. De Luxe Model, 2/- extra.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

September 6, 1930

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year. (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN-TUB

A Wireless Problem

A MAN bought a wireless set, a loud-speaker, and a high tension battery for £10 15s. The wireless set cost £5 more than the loud-speaker, and the battery cost one-tenth as much as the set.

What was the price of each article? *Answer next week*

Is Your Name Burden?

YOUR surname, like Burdis, Burdas, and Burdus, has two possible origins. It may be a corruption of Bordeaux, its original owner having come from that French city and been named after it; or it may be a corruption of bird-house. In the latter case the ancestor of those named Burden today probably lived near or had charge of a bird-house, that is a dove cot or pigeon house.

Ici On Parle Français



L'auto La carpe La cheminée

Cette auto n'a pas encore roulé. La chair de la carpe est estimée. La fumée sort de cette cheminée.

Riddle in Rhyme

MY first is in football but not in boot,
My second's in branches but not in root,
My third is in travel but not in far,
My fourth is in garage but not in car,
My fifth is in working but not in play,
My sixth is in headland but not in bay,
My seventh's in earwig but not in ant,
My eighth is in breathing but not in pant,
My whole is the name of a fragrant plant.

Answer next week

What Is It?

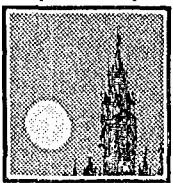


THIS apparently horned creature becomes something quite different if we turn the page on one side and look at it from the left.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planets Jupiter

and Mars are in the South-East. In the evening Venus is in the South-West, and Saturn is in the South. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 10 p.m. on Wednesday, September 10.



What Town Is This?

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

FROM these a seaside town derive:
Its 1, 3, 9, 2's something round;
A chief's its 4, 7, 8 and 5;
Its 6 in a green pod is found.

Answer next week

The House Sparrow

AFTER having lived in pairs all the spring and summer sparrows are now collecting in flocks. They may be seen in large numbers in the cornfields, where they cause enormous damage to the ripening crops; and for this reason the good work they have done during the year in eating insects and the seeds of weeds is apt to be forgotten.

Sparrows are known in nearly every country, and their pugnacity is proverbial. Though

their quarrels are, more often than not, among themselves they do not hesitate, on occasion, to attack much larger birds, such as starlings or even rooks.

The Heat of the Body

THE normal temperature of the human body is 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit. The cold-blooded frog averages only about 48.

The horse's temperature is 100.3 degrees Fahrenheit, cats and dogs 101.5, and sheep 104.

Many small birds are 108.6, domestic fowls are 106.9, ducks 111, and swallows 112.

Wet and Dry

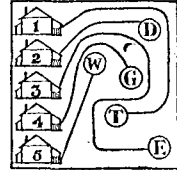
HOLIDAYMAKERS who have been disappointed by the weather this year may like to know that in the summer of 1879 nearly 13 inches of rain fell at Greenwich. The driest summer recorded at Greenwich was 1885, when the rainfall was only 3.6 inches.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Shuffled Names

Cassowary, crocodile, centipede.

Bungalow Puzzle



Word Multiplication

BRIMSTONE

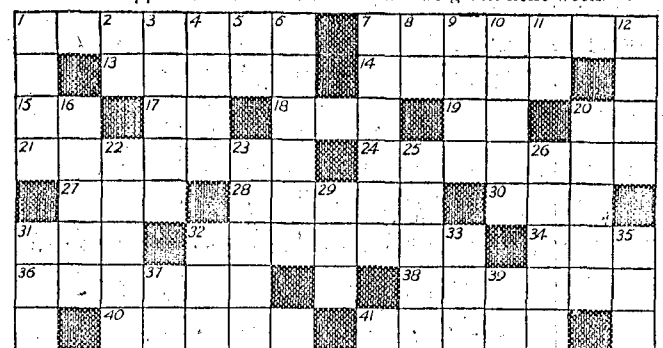
123456789

What Word Is This?

TOBACCO

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 46 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. Widow of a person of title. 7. A setback. 13. Foe. 14. To remove faults from something. 15. Channel Islands.* 17. Chemical symbol for sodium. 18. A seed. 19. Denotes contiguity. 20. Transpose.* 21. To compel. 24. Dwellers in the Far North. 27. To emulate the birds. 28. The sea. 30. Helmsman of a boat.* 31. Recompense. 32. Sioux Indians. 34. A curved bone. 36. Mountain nymphs. 38. A deep, narrow gorge. 40. To perceive flavour. 41. A flower leaf.

Reading Down. 1. Small cubes. 2. You and me. 3. To tease. 4. Something prepared for use. 5. A printer's measure. 6. A pole to which a punt is moored. 7. To perform again. 8. Same as 5. 9. Crack which admits water. 10. A fantastic posture. 11. Paid.* 12. Goes astray. 16. To deduce. 20. A poison. 22. Swift. 23. Where land and sea meet. 25. A trap. 26. A kind of mushroom. 29. An age. 31. Enemy. 32. Doctor of Dental Surgery.* 33. Rested. 35. A stratum. 37. Automobile Association.* 39. State of Virginia.*

DI MERRYMAN

Engaged

AN American farmer was interviewing a Negro who applied for work.

"Are you familiar with mules?" the Negro was asked.

"No, sah," was the reply. "Nebber hab been. Ah knows too much about dem to be familiar wid dem."

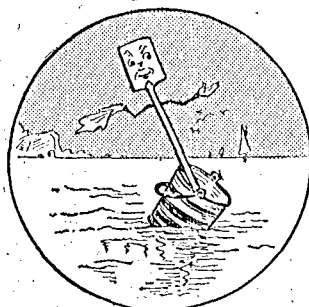
Outlook Unsettled

THE tramp was inclined to be talkative, and the householder was busy in his front garden.

"Yes, sir," said the tramp, "I've seen better days."

"Very likely," said the householder, "but I'm afraid I haven't time to discuss the weather with you now."

Running Away to Sea



"THE day is fine, I'd like a sail," The merry Sand-Spade cried. "Twill do me good to take a trip Upon the ocean wide." That's why he got aboard the Pail And went out with the tide!

A Harvest Tale

YOUNG Hayseed, the farmer's son, went into the country town with a sample of his father's wheat.

"This is wonderful corn," said the miller. "I'll buy it. How much has your father got?" "Not much, I'm afraid," said the youth. "You see it took him all yesterday afternoon picking out that handful."

No Sale

THE cherub-like child addressed the grocer.

"Have you any dry biscuits, please?"

"Yes, my boy," said the grocer, mentioning the names of several varieties.

"Are you quite sure they are dry?" queried the boy.

"Yes," said the grocer, smiling.

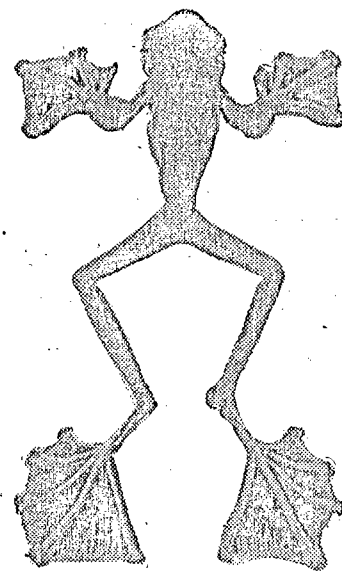
"Then why not give them something to drink?" remarked the young imp, as he made hurriedly for the door.

Keep a box by your bedside!

When you awake does your throat feel constricted or parched? That is a sign of "morning mouth." An "Allenburys" Pastille sucked immediately on waking brings a sweet cleanness to the mouth and a contented throat. The juice of fresh ripe black currants, together with pure glycerine, make them so delightfully refreshing.

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

8d. and 1/3 per box from chemists



Pigs can't fly!

But there are even more unexpected aviators in the animal world. Frogs, for instance. You see the big, webbed feet of the flying Bornean tree-frog here. Supported on these "wings" the frog hops off from the branch of a tree and glides through the air! Read about this and other strange creatures in the NEW NATURE BOOK. This fascinating book is both amusing and instructive. It is full of action photographs taken from life, and articles of absorbing interest by famous naturalists and explorers. There are also two beautiful coloured plates by well-known artists.

The New NATURE BOOK

At all Newsagents, etc. :: 6/- net.

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

SILVY, the elf, lived right at the top of a mountain in a cosy little nook in the hillside.

He lived far up because he had to look after the white, woolly clouds and mend the holes in them, for on a windy day the clouds tear into the most terrible holes.

Silvy used to pull the clouds out smooth and straight over the hilltops and darn their holes; and that gave him a terrible lot of work to do, particularly as he was always losing his thimble. In fact, Silvy would lose his thimble so often that he kept a little rippling, furry caterpillar of a dog named Bubbles specially to find it for him.

Bubbles was splendid at sniffing out thimbles, as good

as most dogs are at sniffing out rats. Silvy would not have parted with him for any-



Bubbles wouldn't go

thing you could have offered him in the whole wide world.

One evening Silvy found a sunset cloud with a long rent in it, so of course he had to set to work.

"We must mend that at once," said Silvy, and looked round for his thimble.

Of course it wasn't there. It wasn't in his workbox, or in his waistcoat pocket, or behind his ear (where he sometimes put it), or anywhere that he could see. So he whistled to Bubbles.

"Hi, Bubbles! Thimble, boy, thimble! Good little caterpillar!"

And Bubbles went rippling off, nosing about and trying to sniff out the lost thimble.

But after he had been sniffing among the grass for a second he came scampering back to Silvy and started to jump up at him.

"Down, Bubbles!" cried the elf. "Bad fellow, go and find the thimble!"

BUBBLES FINDS THE THIMBLE

But Bubbles wouldn't go. He kept jumping up at Silvy and giving excited little barks till Silvy got quite angry: he wanted his thimble. The elf couldn't think what to do next, for he knew that if Bubbles couldn't find it he certainly couldn't.

He put up his hand to rumple back his hair and he felt something hard on his head. You know the little tuft that elves wear on their heads? Well, the thimble had been perched on that all the time!

Silvy remembered that he had put it there that afternoon in a great hurry. So that was why Bubbles had been jumping up at him. Silvy patted him proudly and gave him a big bone for his supper.